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MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 83

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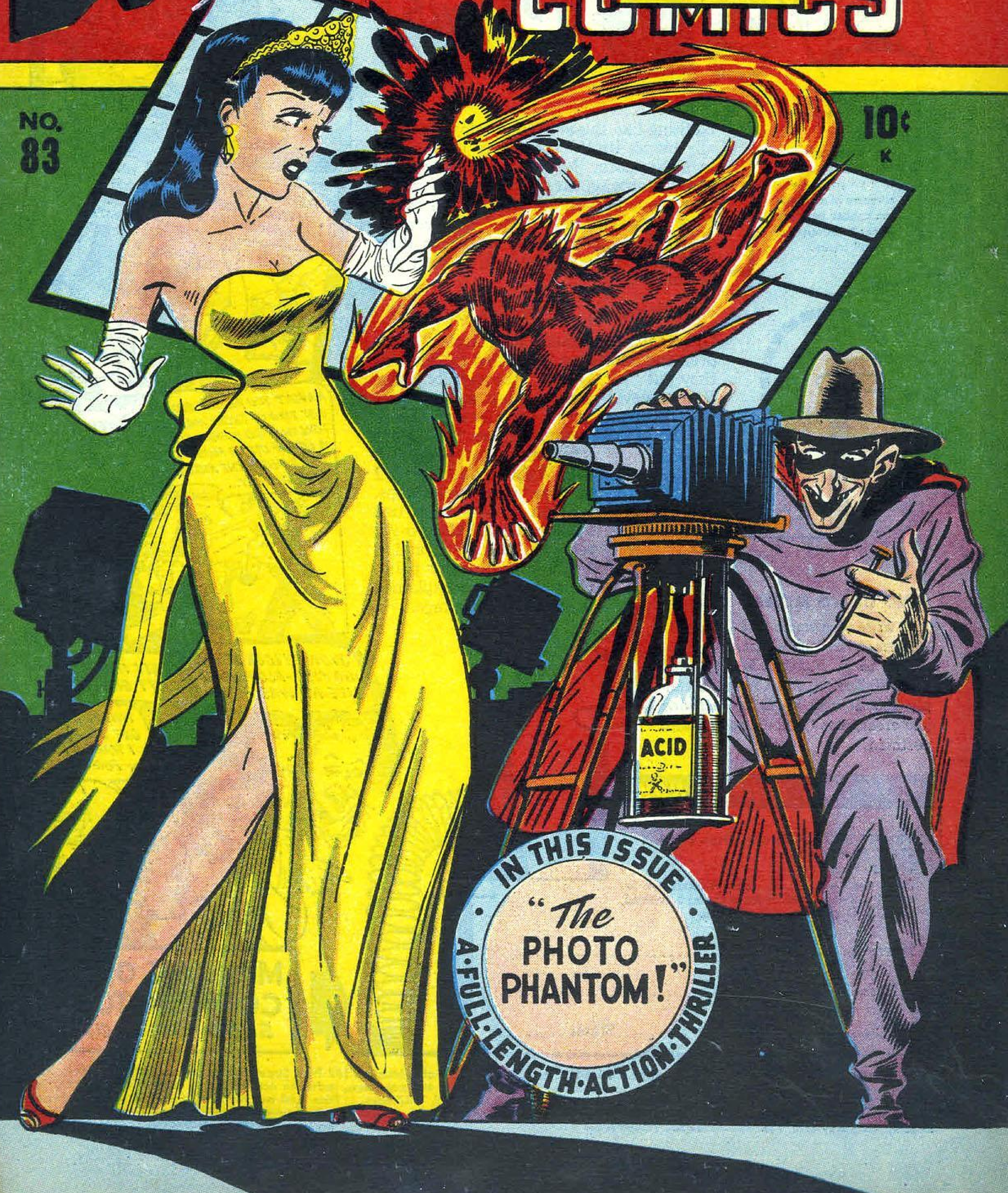
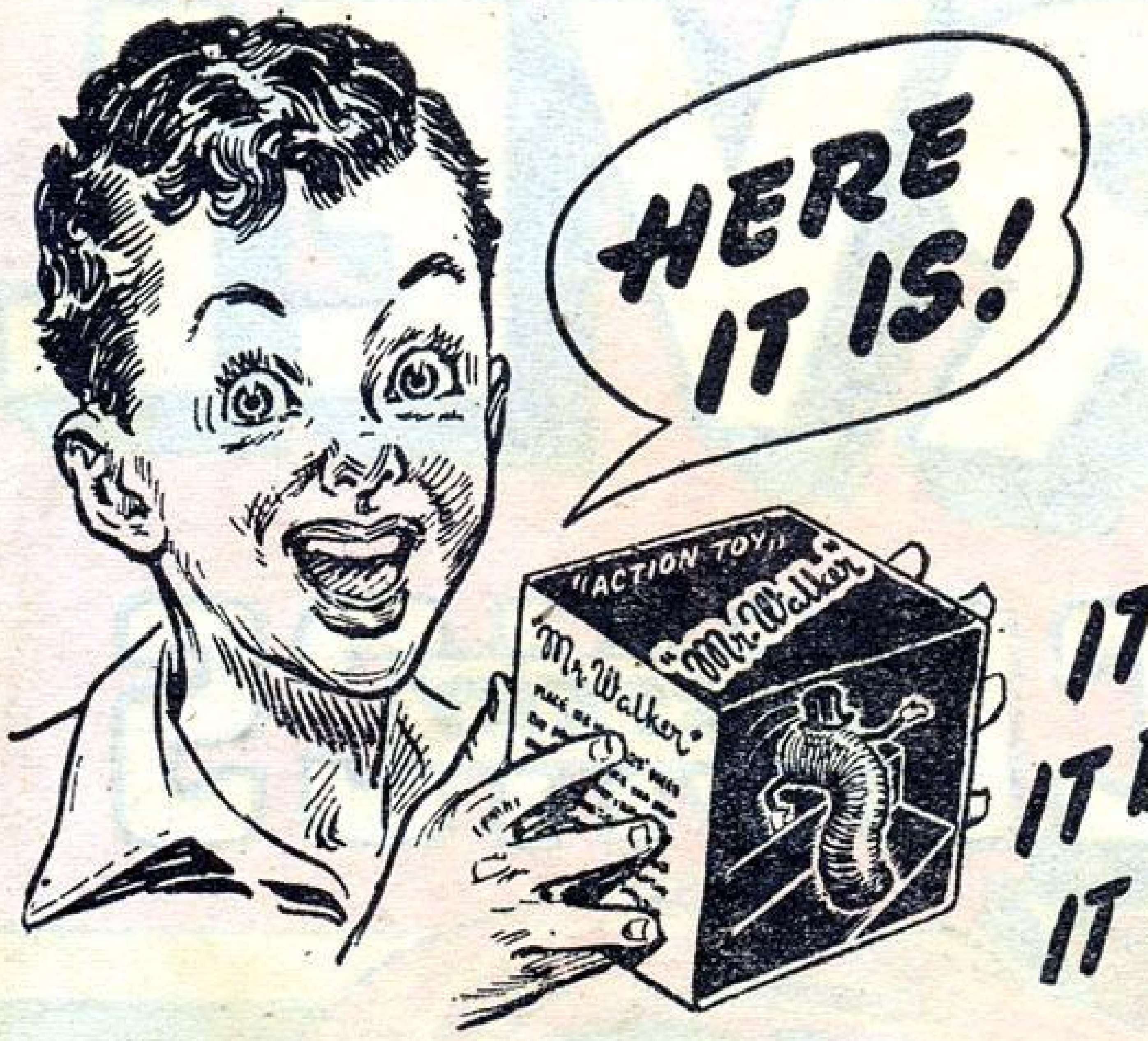


IN THIS ISSUE

"The PHOTO PHANTOM!"

A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER


HERE IT IS!
ACTION TOY
"Mr. Walker"
Mr. Walker

The Amazing Toy You've Read So Much About in Satevepost, Popular Mechanics and other magazines: The editors have been utterly entranced by this uncanny toy. Children and grown-ups amuse themselves for hours with it.

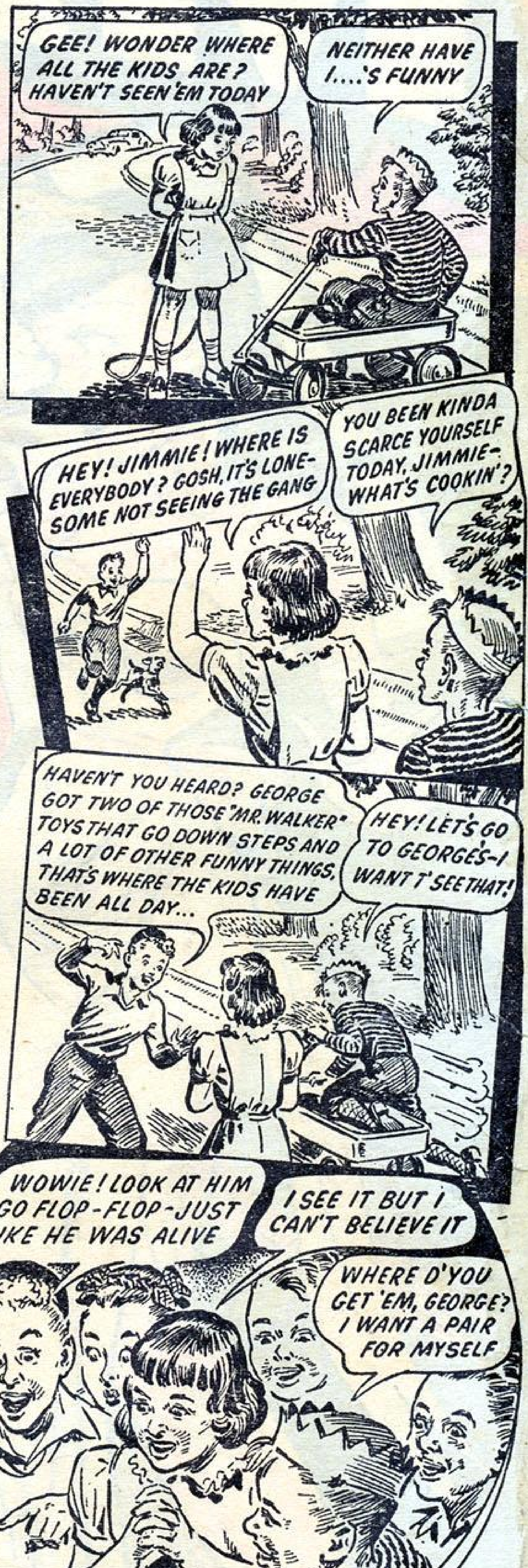
IT WALKS! IT BOUNCES! IT CRAWLS!

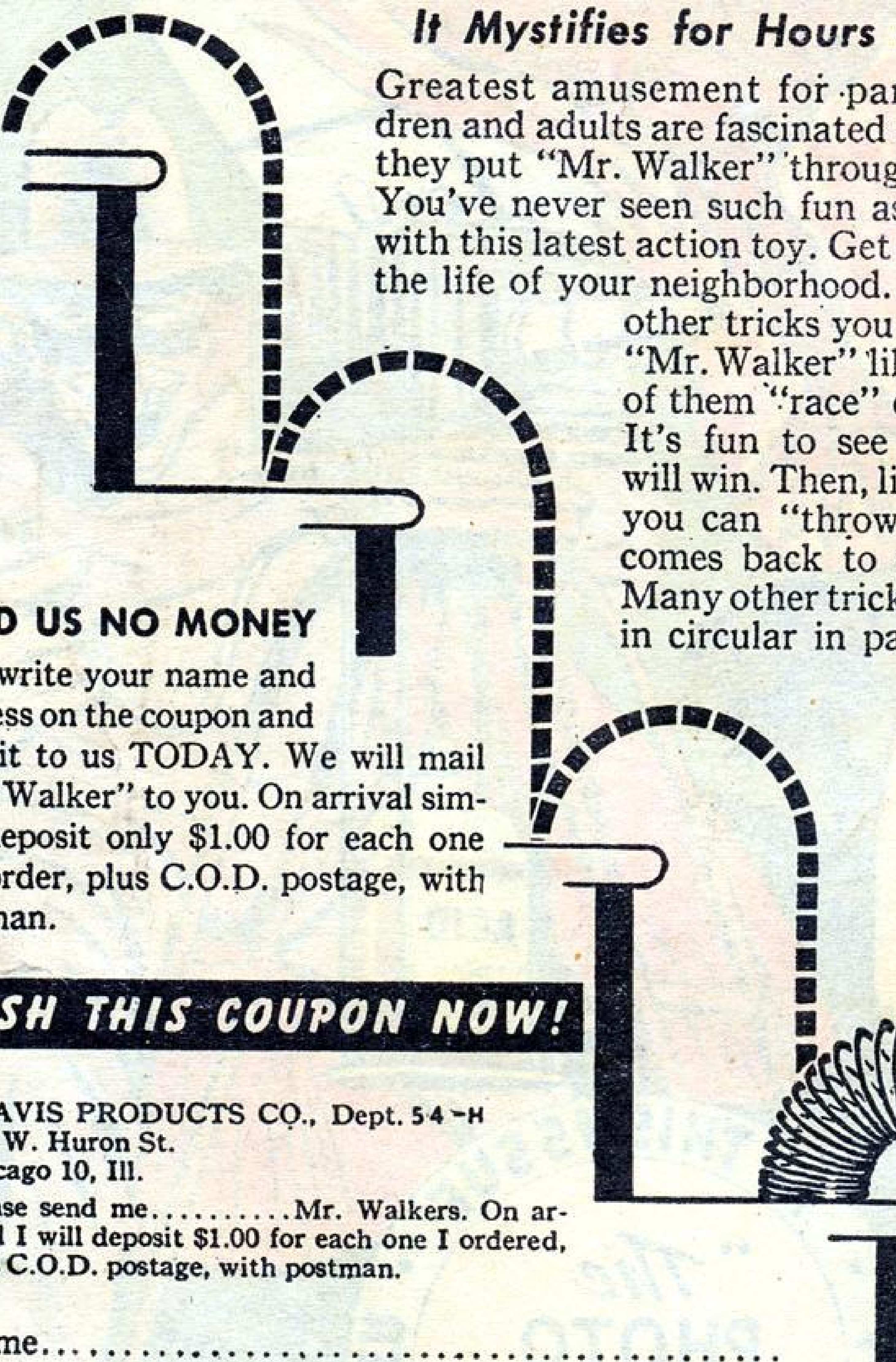
This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.


GEE! WONDER WHERE ALL THE KIDS ARE? HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM TODAY
NEITHER HAVE I....'S FUNNY
HEY! JIMMIE! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S LONESOME NOT SEEING THE GANG
YOU BEEN KINDA SCARCE YOURSELF TODAY, JIMMIE- WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? GEORGE GOT TWO OF THOSE "MR. WALKER" TOYS THAT GO DOWN STEPS AND A LOT OF OTHER FUNNY THINGS. THAT'S WHERE THE KIDS HAVE BEEN ALL DAY...
HEY! LET'S GO TO GEORGE'S-I WANT T' SEE THAT!
WOWIE! LOOK AT HIM GO FLOP-FLOP-JUST LIKE HE WAS ALIVE
I SEE IT BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
WHERE D'YOU GET 'EM, GEORGE? I WANT A PAIR FOR MYSELF



SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only $1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

TRAVIS PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 54-H
224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me..........Mr. Walkers. On arrival I will deposit $1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

Name..

Address..

City..................Zone..............State..........

MAIL THE ORDER COUPON TODAY
SEND NO MONEY

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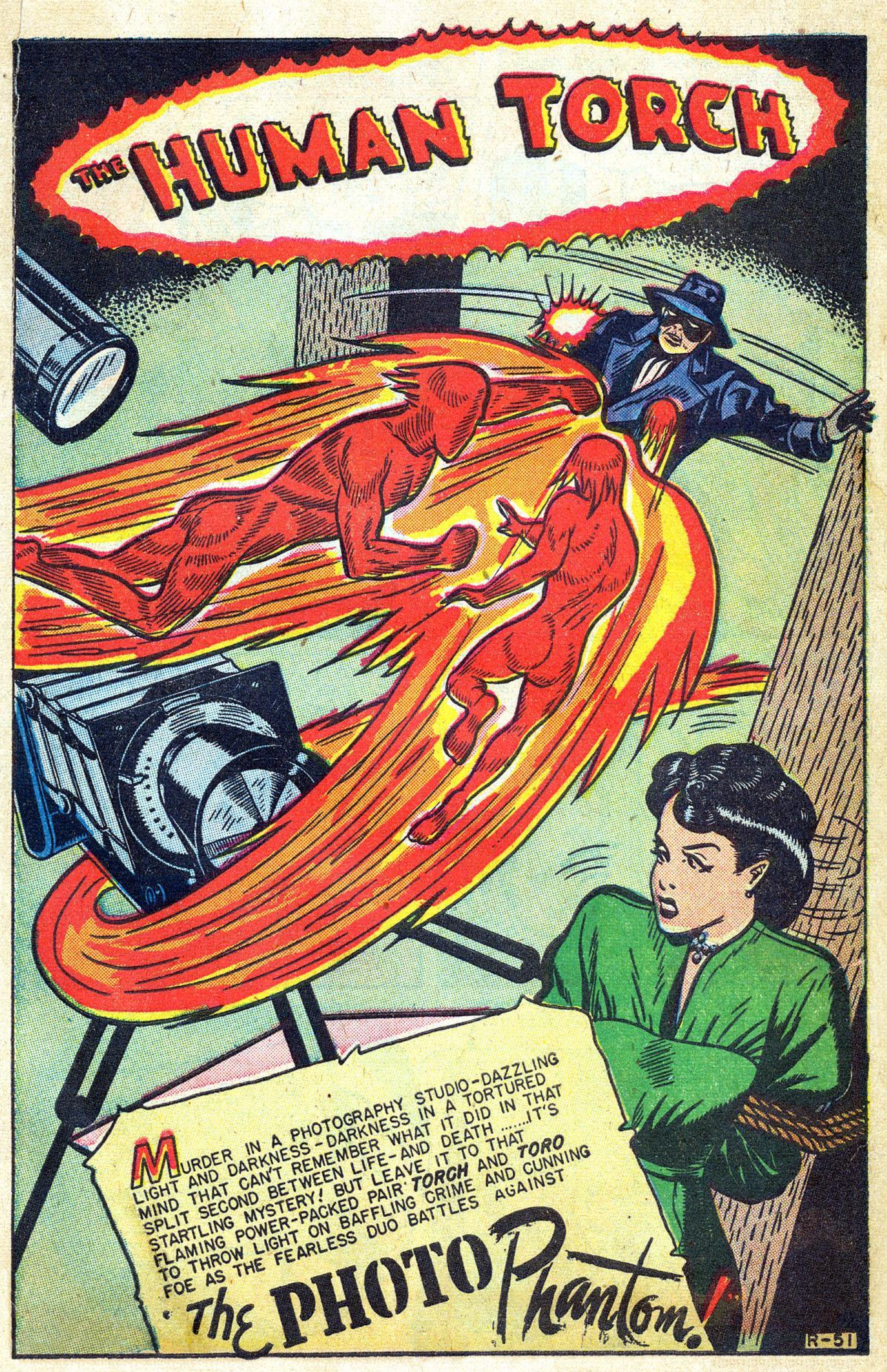
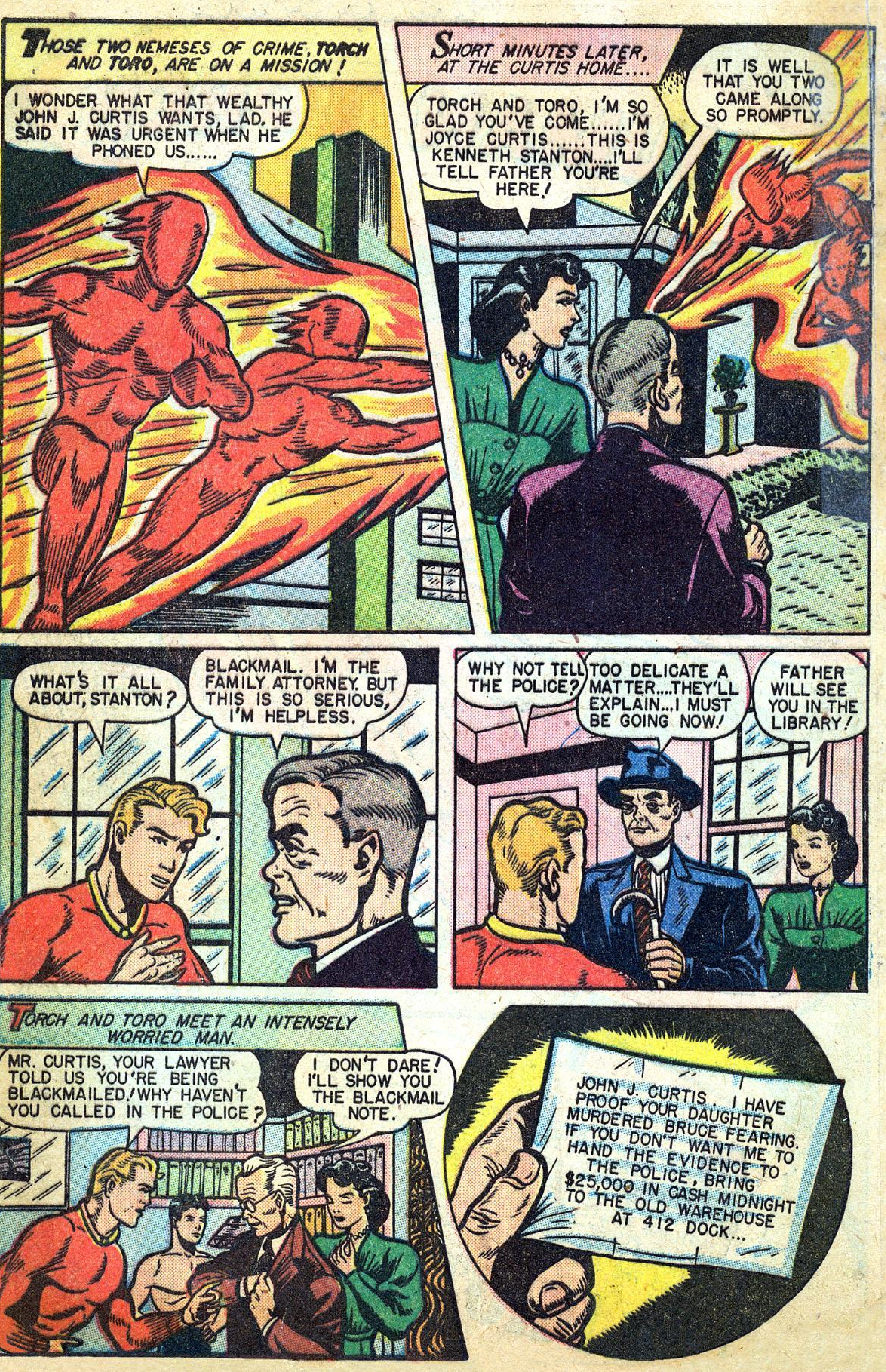
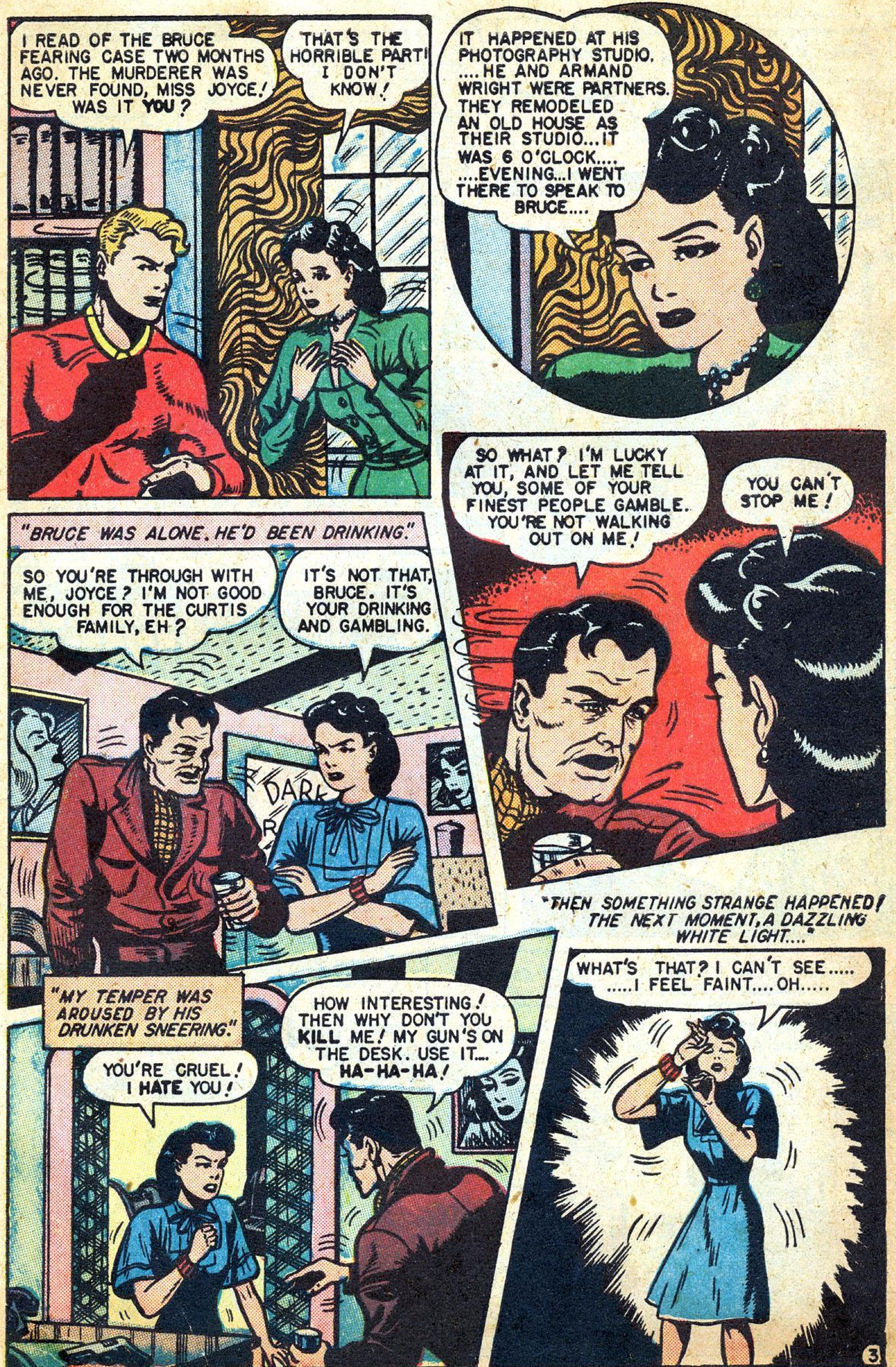
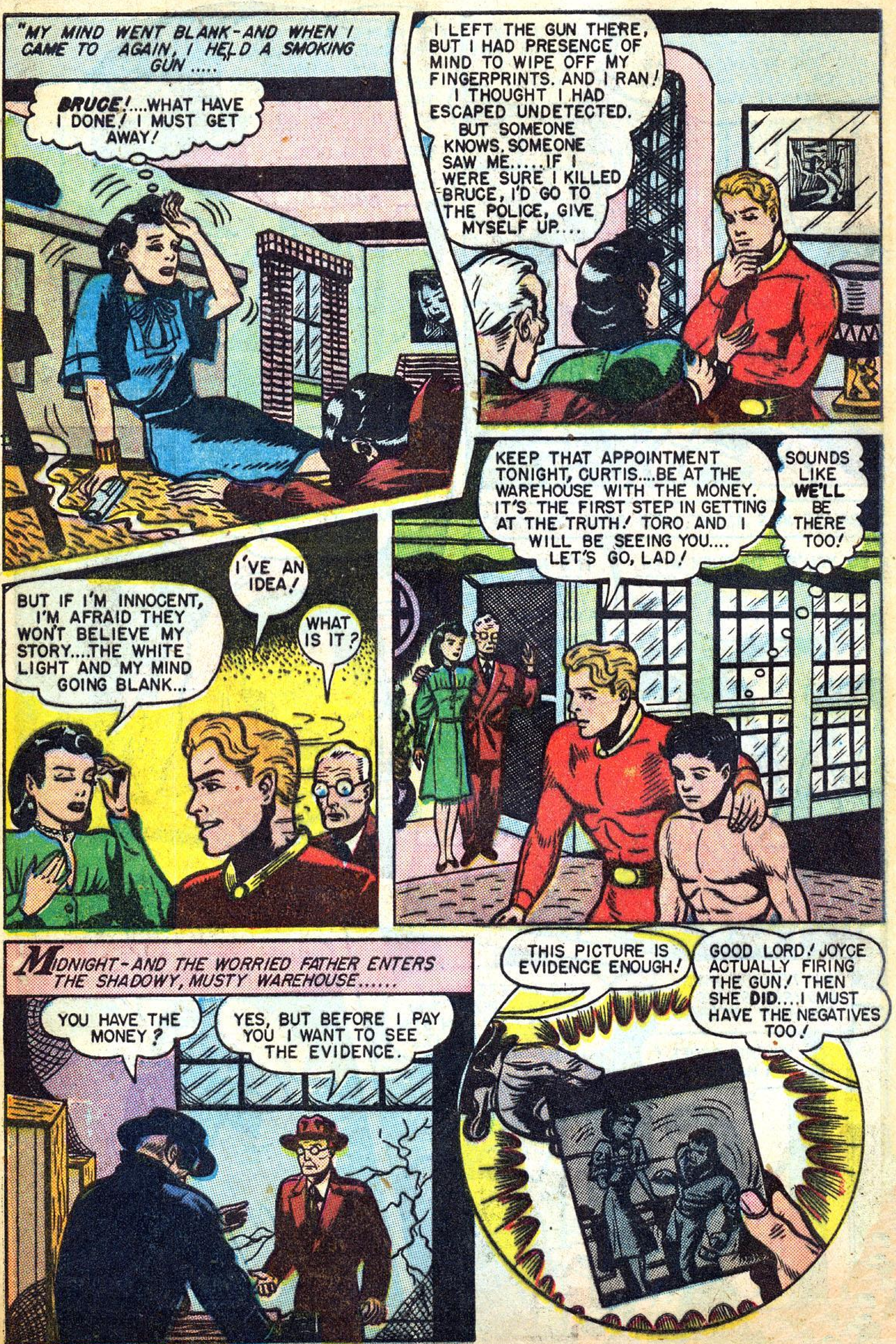
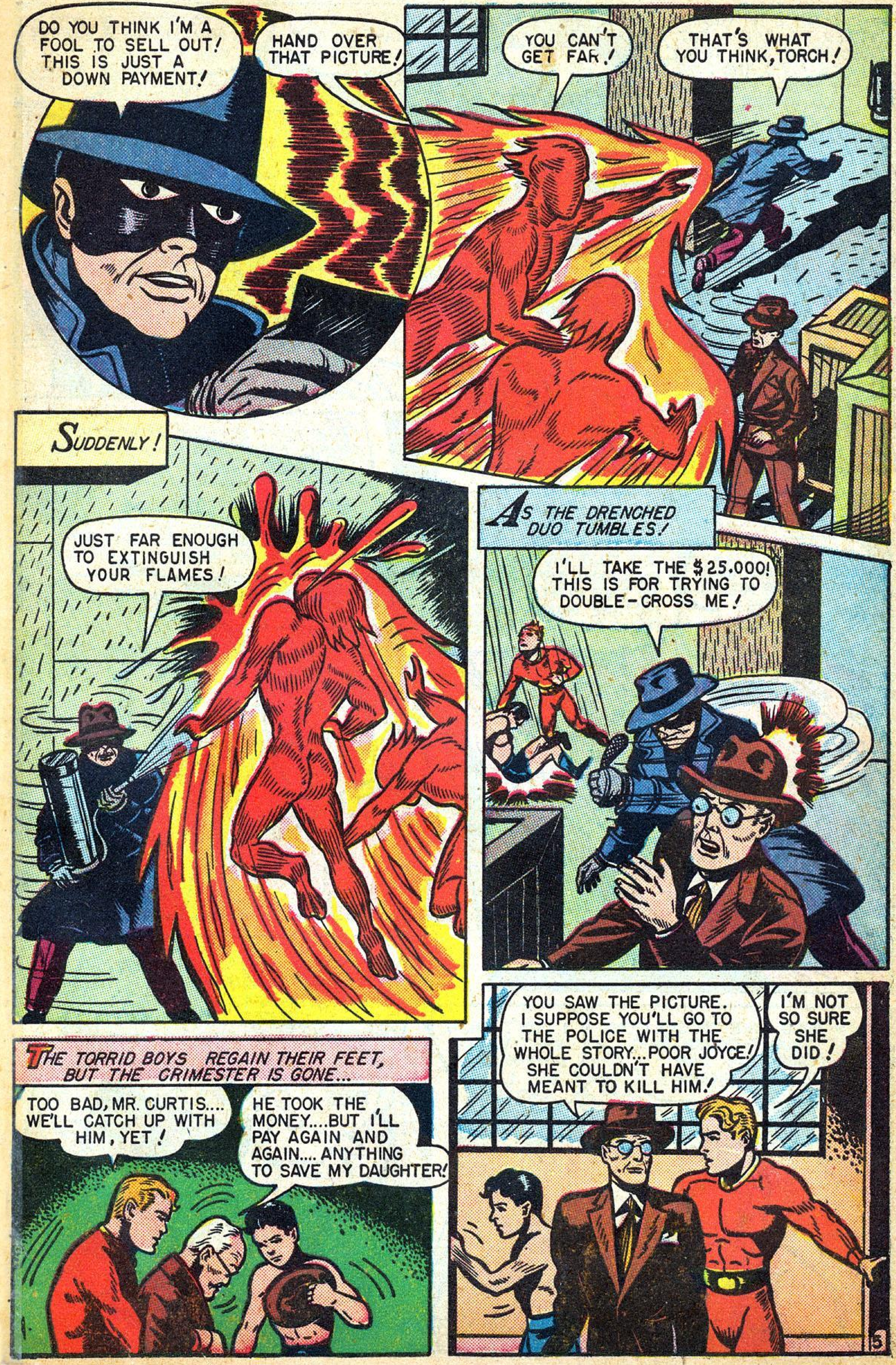
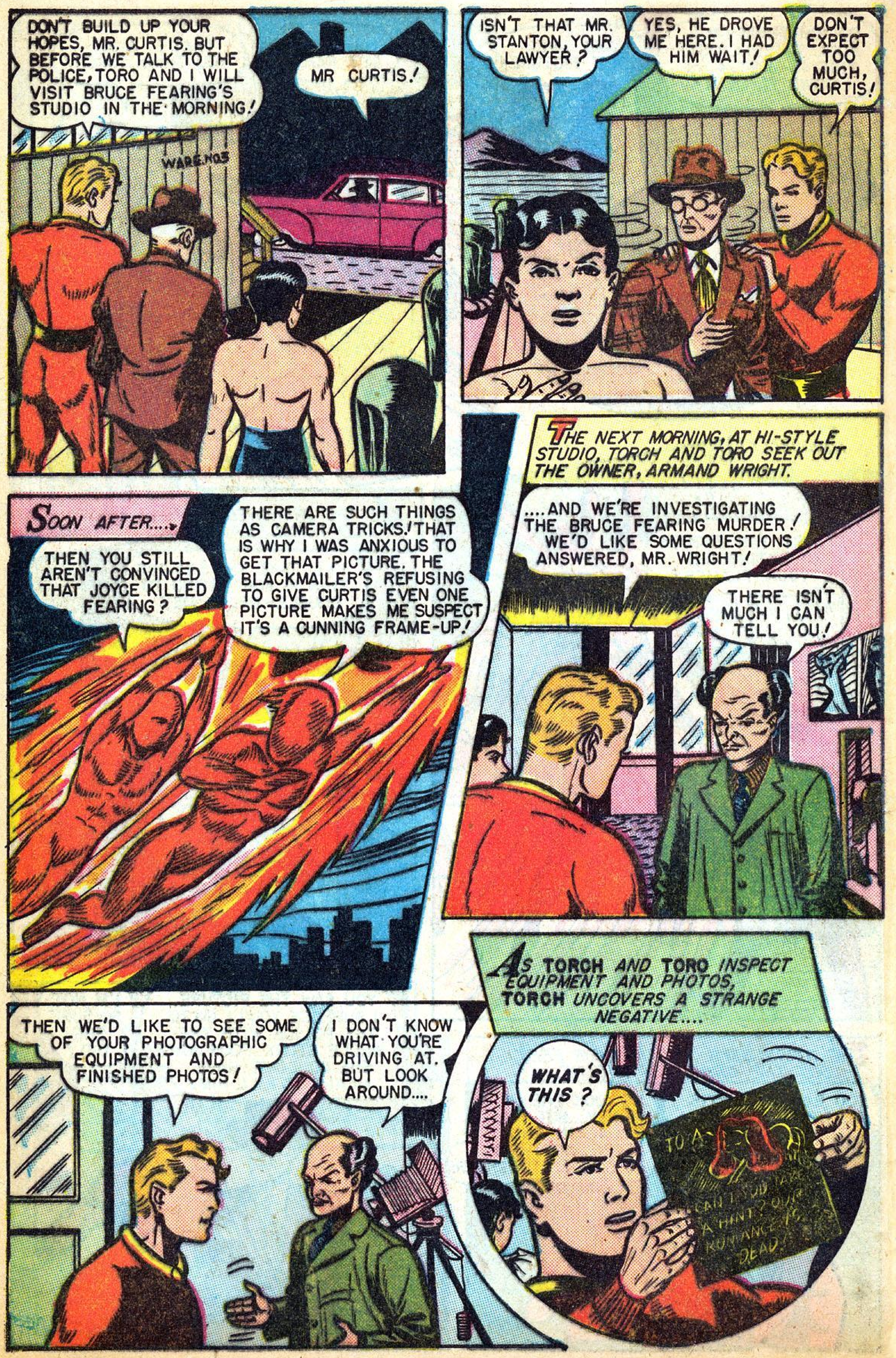

THE HUMAN TORCH
MURDER IN A PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO-DAZZLING LIGHT AND DARKNESS-DARKNESS IN A TORTURED MIND THAT CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT DID IN THAT SPLIT SECOND BETWEEN LIFE-AND DEATH ......IT'S STARTLING MYSTERY! BUT LEAVE IT TO THAT FLAMING POWER-PACKED PAIR TORCH AND TORO TO THROW LIGHT ON BAFFLING CRIME AND CUNNING FOE AS THE FEARLESS DUO BATTLES AGAINST
THE PHOTO Phantom!
R-51

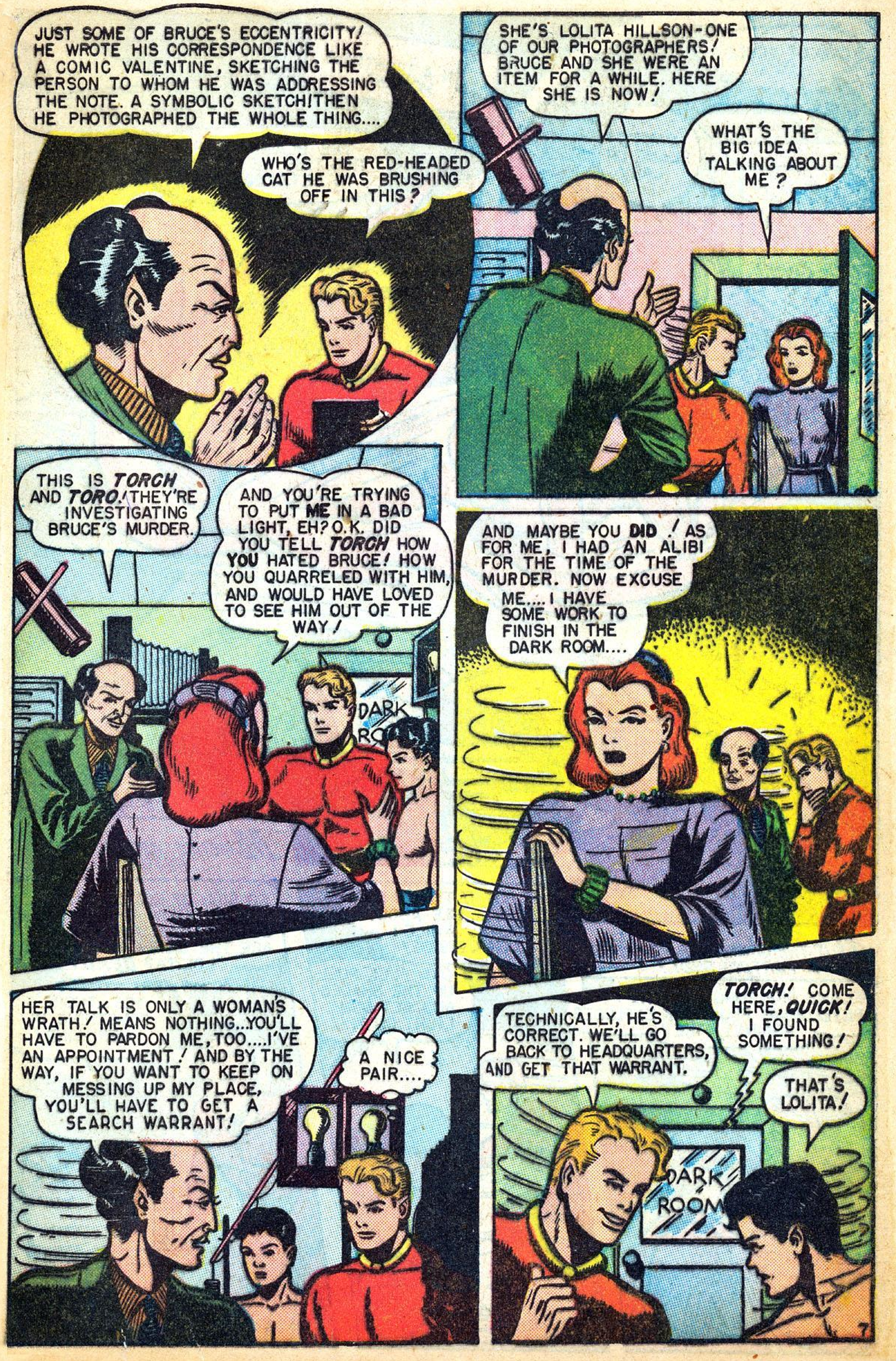

THOSE TWO NEMESES OF CRIME, TORCH AND TORO, ARE ON A MISSION!
I WONDER WHAT THAT WEALTHY JOHN J. CURTIS WANTS, LAD. HE SAID IT WAS URGENT WHEN HE PHONED US......
SHORT MINUTES LATER, AT THE CURTIS HOME....
TORCH AND TORO, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME.......I'M JOYCE CURTIS......THIS IS KENNETH STANTON....I'LL TELL FATHER YOU'RE HERE!
IT IS WELL THAT YOU TWO CAME ALONG SO PROMPTLY.
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, STANTON?
BLACKMAIL. I'M THE FAMILY ATTORNEY. BUT THIS IS SO SERIOUS, I'M HELPLESS.
WHY NOT TELL THE POLICE?
TOO DELICATE A MATTER....THEY'LL EXPLAIN...I MUST BE GOING NOW!
FATHER WILL SEE YOU IN THE LIBRARY!
TORCH AND TORO MEET AN INTENSELY WORRIED MAN.
MR. CURTIS, YOUR LAWYER TOLD US YOU'RE BEING BLACKMAILED! WHY HAVEN'T YOU CALLED IN THE POLICE?
I DON'T DARE! I'LL SHOW YOU THE BLACKMAIL NOTE.
JOHN J. CURTIS. I HAVE PROOF YOUR DAUGHTER MURDERED BRUCE FEARING. IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO HAND THE EVIDENCE TO THE POLICE, BRING $25,000 IN CASH MIDNIGHT TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE AT 412 DOCK...

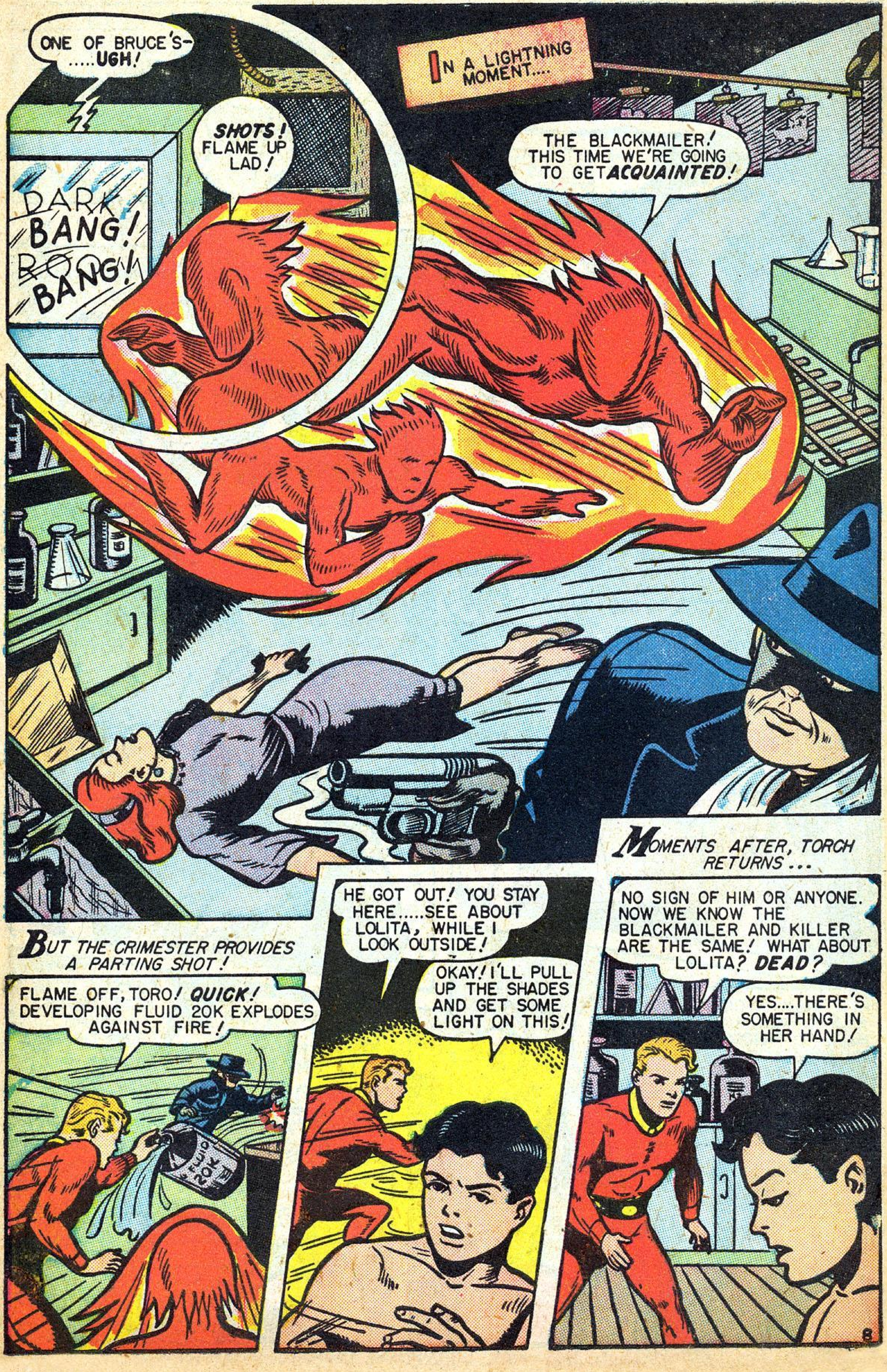

I READ OF THE BRUCE FEARING CASE TWO MONTHS AGO. THE MURDERER WAS NEVER FOUND, MISS JOYCE! WAS IT **YOU**?
THAT'S THE HORRIBLE PART! I DON'T KNOW!
IT HAPPENED AT HIS PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO. ....HE AND ARMAND WRIGHT WERE PARTNERS. THEY REMODELED AN OLD HOUSE AS THEIR STUDIO...IT WAS 6 O'CLOCK.... ....EVENING...I WENT THERE TO SPEAK TO BRUCE....
"BRUCE WAS ALONE. HE'D BEEN DRINKING."
SO YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME, JOYCE? I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE CURTIS FAMILY, EH?
IT'S NOT THAT, BRUCE. IT'S YOUR DRINKING AND GAMBLING.
DARK R
SO WHAT? I'M LUCKY AT IT, AND LET ME TELL YOU, SOME OF YOUR FINEST PEOPLE GAMBLE. YOU'RE NOT WALKING OUT ON ME!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
"THEN SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED! THE NEXT MOMENT, A DAZZLING WHITE LIGHT...."
"MY TEMPER WAS AROUSED BY HIS DRUNKEN SNEERING."
YOU'RE CRUEL! I **HATE** YOU!
HOW INTERESTING! THEN WHY DON'T YOU **KILL** ME! MY GUN'S ON THE DESK. USE IT.... **HA-HA-HA!**
WHAT'S THAT? I CAN'T SEE..... .....I FEEL FAINT....OH.....

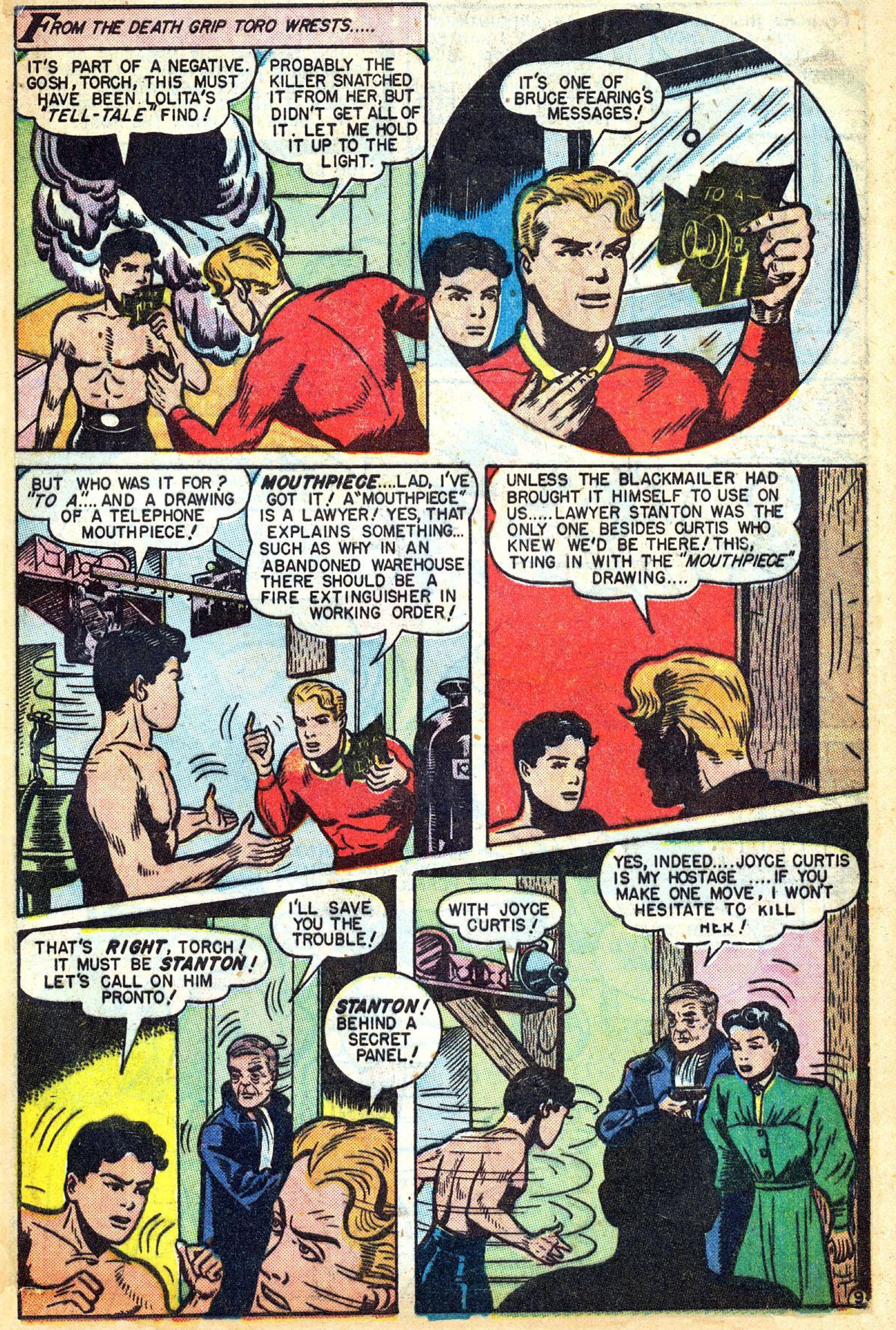

"MY MIND WENT BLANK-AND WHEN I CAME TO AGAIN, I HELD A SMOKING GUN .....
BRUCE!....WHAT HAVE I DONE! I MUST GET AWAY!
I LEFT THE GUN THERE, BUT I HAD PRESENCE OF MIND TO WIPE OFF MY FINGERPRINTS. AND I RAN! I THOUGHT I HAD ESCAPED UNDETECTED. BUT SOMEONE KNOWS. SOMEONE SAW ME.....IF I WERE SURE I KILLED BRUCE, I'D GO TO THE POLICE, GIVE MYSELF UP....
BUT IF I'M INNOCENT, I'M AFRAID THEY WON'T BELIEVE MY STORY....THE WHITE LIGHT AND MY MIND GOING BLANK...
I'VE AN IDEA!
WHAT IS IT?
KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT TONIGHT, CURTIS....BE AT THE WAREHOUSE WITH THE MONEY. IT'S THE FIRST STEP IN GETTING AT THE TRUTH! TORO AND I WILL BE SEEING YOU.... LET'S GO, LAD!
SOUNDS LIKE WE'LL BE THERE TOO!
MIDNIGHT-AND THE WORRIED FATHER ENTERS THE SHADOWY, MUSTY WAREHOUSE.....
YOU HAVE THE MONEY?
YES, BUT BEFORE I PAY YOU I WANT TO SEE THE EVIDENCE.
THIS PICTURE IS EVIDENCE ENOUGH!
GOOD LORD! JOYCE ACTUALLY FIRING THE GUN! THEN SHE DID....I MUST HAVE THE NEGATIVES TOO!

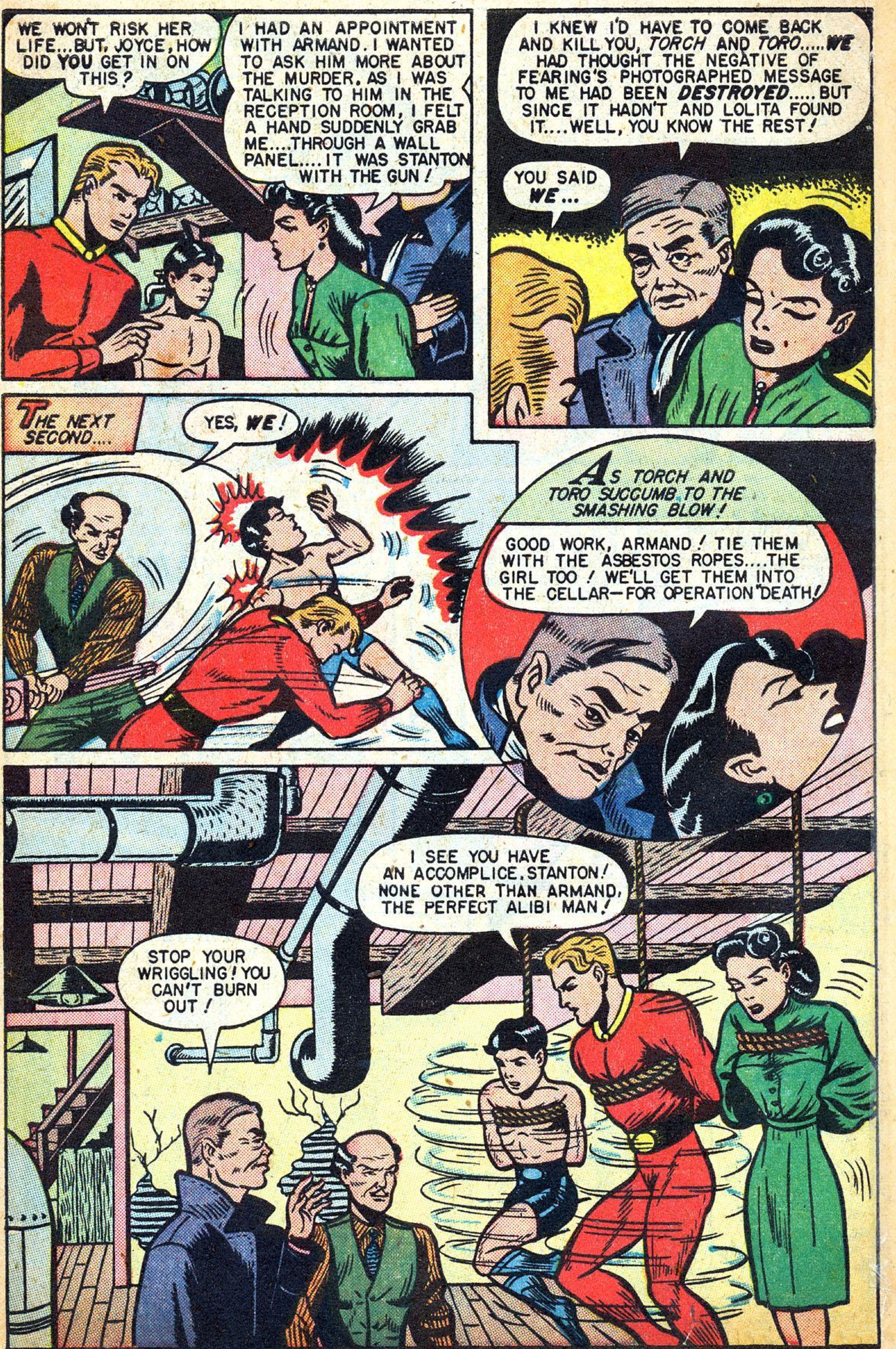

DO YOU THINK I'M A FOOL TO SELL OUT! THIS IS JUST A DOWN PAYMENT!
HAND OVER THAT PICTURE!
YOU CAN'T GET FAR!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, TORCH!
SUDDENLY!
JUST FAR ENOUGH TO EXTINGUISH YOUR FLAMES!
AS THE DRENCHED DUO TUMBLES!
I'LL TAKE THE $25.000! THIS IS FOR TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME!
THE TORRID BOYS REGAIN THEIR FEET, BUT THE CRIMESTER IS GONE...
TOO BAD, MR. CURTIS.... WE'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM, YET!
HE TOOK THE MONEY....BUT I'LL PAY AGAIN AND AGAIN.... ANYTHING TO SAVE MY DAUGHTER!
YOU SAW THE PICTURE. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL GO TO THE POLICE WITH THE WHOLE STORY...POOR JOYCE! SHE COULDN'T HAVE MEANT TO KILL HIM!
I'M NOT SO SURE SHE DID!

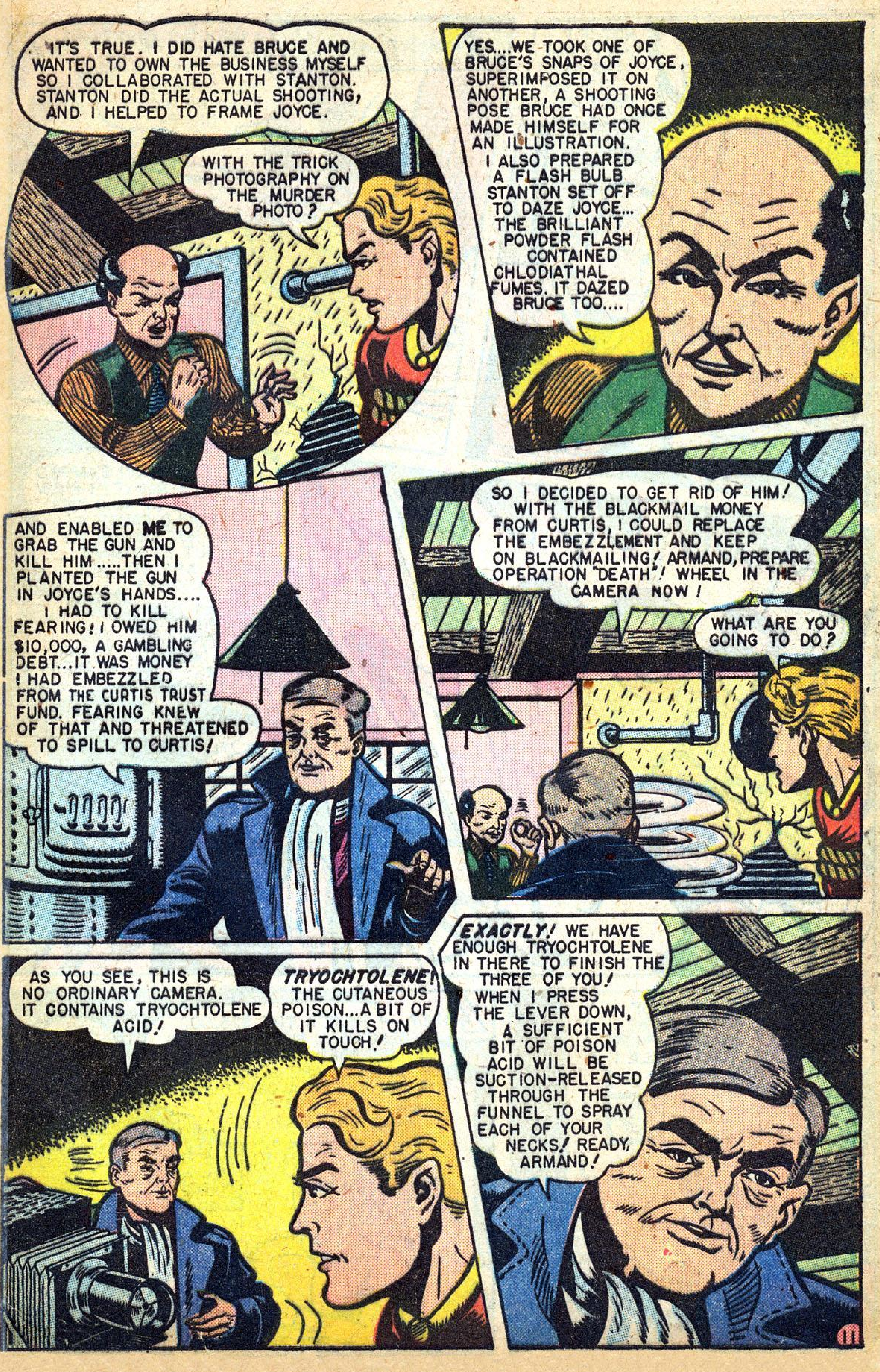

DON'T BUILD UP YOUR HOPES, MR. CURTIS, BUT BEFORE WE TALK TO THE POLICE, TORO AND I WILL VISIT BRUCE FEARING'S STUDIO IN THE MORNING!
MR CURTIS!
WARE. NO 3
ISN'T THAT MR. STANTON, YOUR LAWYER?
YES, HE DROVE ME HERE. I HAD HIM WAIT!
DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH, CURTIS!
SOON AFTER....
THEN YOU STILL AREN'T CONVINCED THAT JOYCE KILLED FEARING?
THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS CAMERA TRICKS! THAT IS WHY I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET THAT PICTURE. THE BLACKMAILER'S REFUSING TO GIVE CURTIS EVEN ONE PICTURE MAKES ME SUSPECT IT'S A CUNNING FRAME-UP!
THE NEXT MORNING, AT HI-STYLE STUDIO, TORCH AND TORO SEEK OUT THE OWNER, ARMAND WRIGHT.
....AND WE'RE INVESTIGATING THE BRUCE FEARING MURDER! WE'D LIKE SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED, MR. WRIGHT!
THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN TELL YOU!
THEN WE'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT AND FINISHED PHOTOS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT. BUT LOOK AROUND....
AS TORCH AND TORO INSPECT EQUIPMENT AND PHOTOS, TORCH UNCOVERS A STRANGE NEGATIVE....
WHAT'S THIS?
TO A
CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT? OUR ROMANCE IS DEAD.

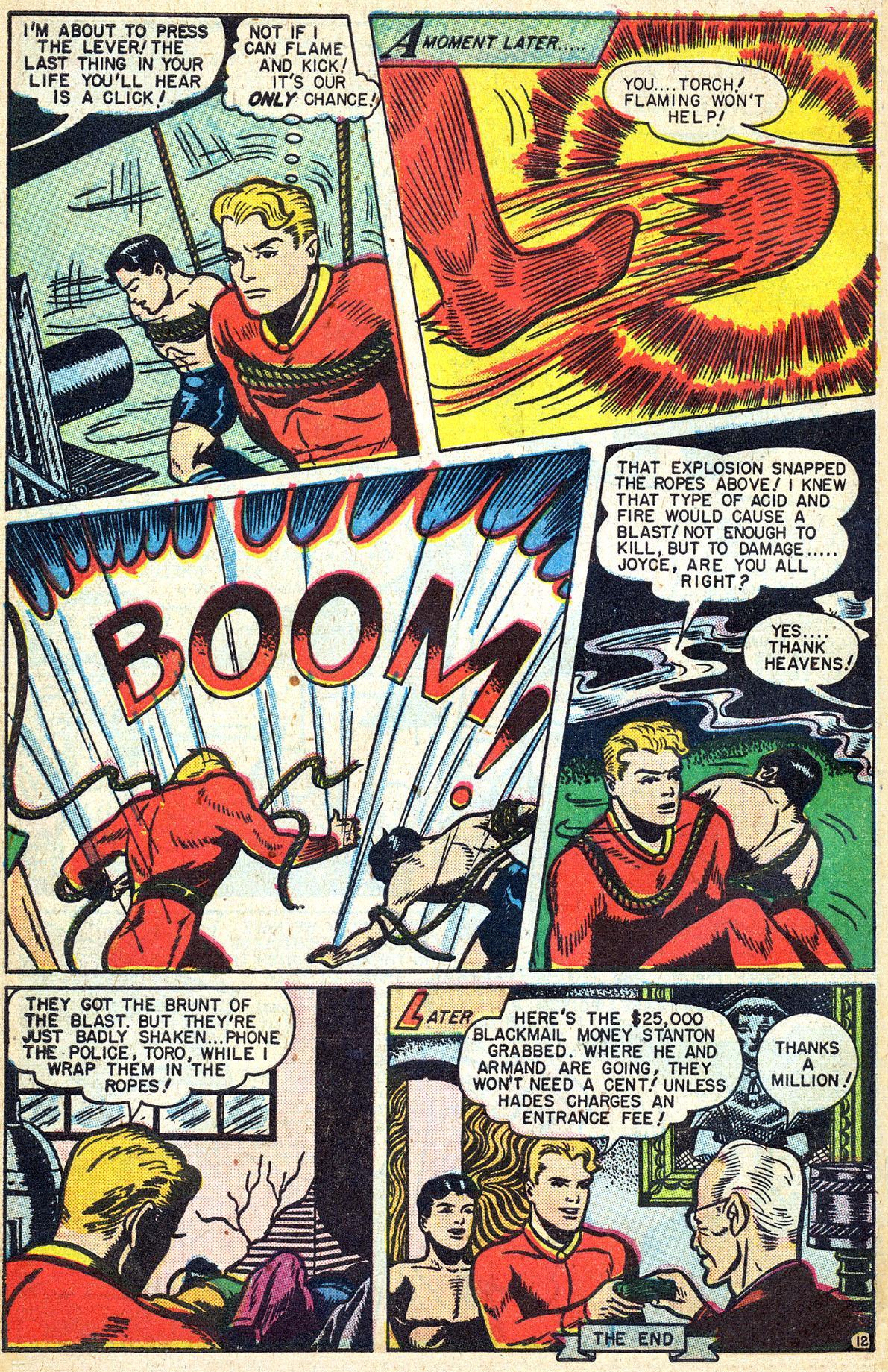

JUST SOME OF BRUCE'S ECCENTRICITY! HE WROTE HIS CORRESPONDENCE LIKE A COMIC VALENTINE, SKETCHING THE PERSON TO WHOM HE WAS ADDRESSING THE NOTE. A SYMBOLIC SKETCH! THEN HE PHOTOGRAPHED THE WHOLE THING....
WHO'S THE RED-HEADED CAT HE WAS BRUSHING OFF IN THIS?
SHE'S LOLITA HILLSON-ONE OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS! BRUCE AND SHE WERE AN ITEM FOR A WHILE. HERE SHE IS NOW!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA TALKING ABOUT ME?
THIS IS TORCH AND TORO! THEY'RE INVESTIGATING BRUCE'S MURDER.
AND YOU'RE TRYING TO PUT ME IN A BAD LIGHT, EH? O.K. DID YOU TELL TORCH HOW YOU HATED BRUCE! HOW YOU QUARRELED WITH HIM, AND WOULD HAVE LOVED TO SEE HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
DARK RO
AND MAYBE YOU DID! AS FOR ME, I HAD AN ALIBI FOR THE TIME OF THE MURDER. NOW EXCUSE ME.... I HAVE SOME WORK TO FINISH IN THE DARK ROOM....
HER TALK IS ONLY A WOMAN'S WRATH! MEANS NOTHING...YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON ME, TOO....I'VE AN APPOINTMENT! AND BY THE WAY, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON MESSING UP MY PLACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A SEARCH WARRANT!
A NICE PAIR....
TECHNICALLY, HE'S CORRECT. WE'LL GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, AND GET THAT WARRANT.
TORCH! COME HERE, QUICK! I FOUND SOMETHING!
THAT'S LOLITA!
DARK ROOM

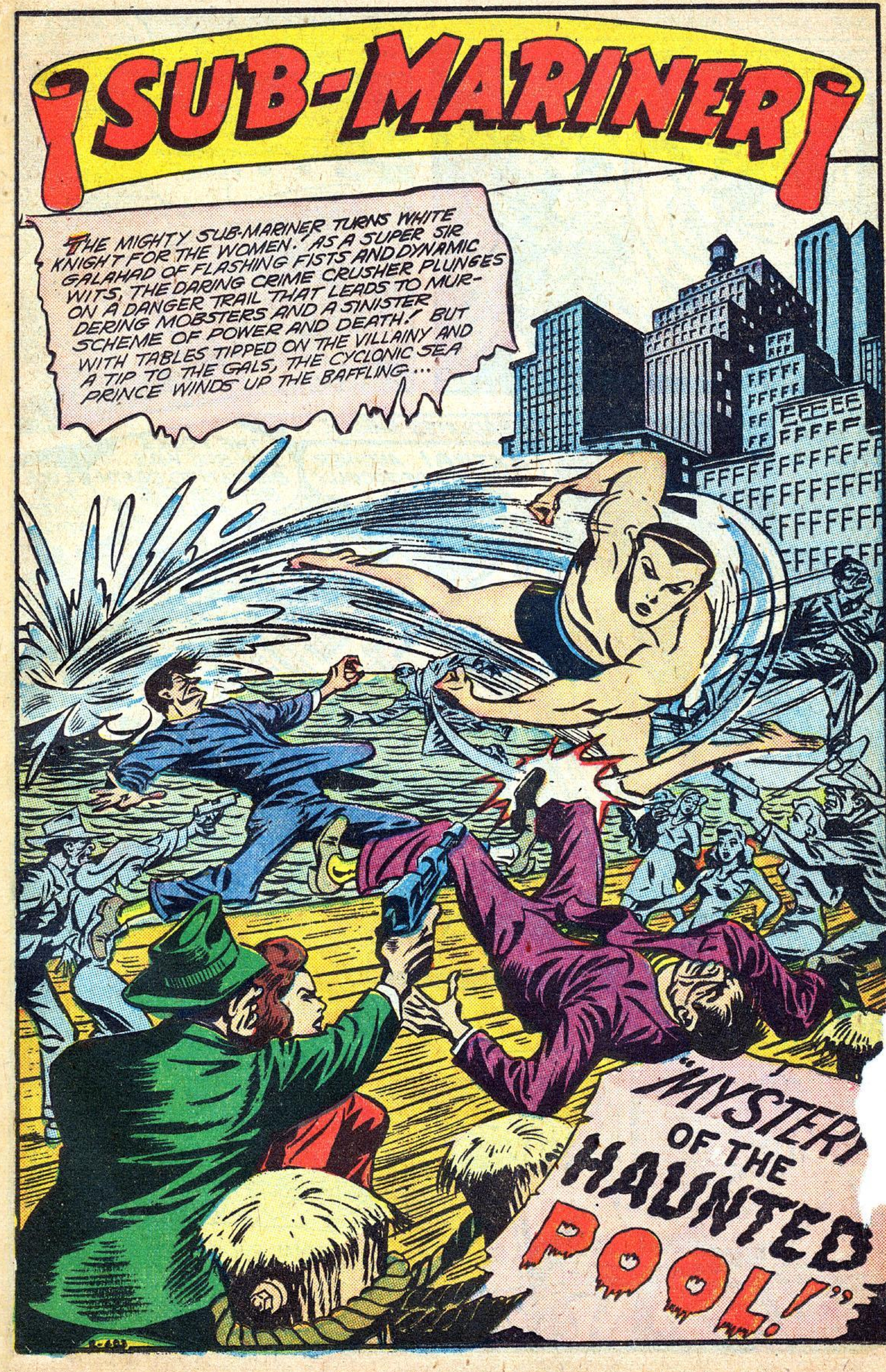

ONE OF BRUCE'S-.....UGH!
IN A LIGHTNING MOMENT....
SHOTS! FLAME UP LAD!
DARK
BANG!
ROO
BANG!
THE BLACKMAILER! THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO GET ACQUAINTED!
BUT THE CRIMESTER PROVIDES A PARTING SHOT!
FLAME OFF, TORO! QUICK! DEVELOPING FLUID 20K EXPLODES AGAINST FIRE!
HE GOT OUT! YOU STAY HERE.....SEE ABOUT LOLITA, WHILE I LOOK OUTSIDE!
OKAY! I'LL PULL UP THE SHADES AND GET SOME LIGHT ON THIS!
MOMENTS AFTER, TORCH RETURNS...
NO SIGN OF HIM OR ANYONE. NOW WE KNOW THE BLACKMAILER AND KILLER ARE THE SAME! WHAT ABOUT LOLITA? DEAD?
YES....THERE'S SOMETHING IN HER HAND!

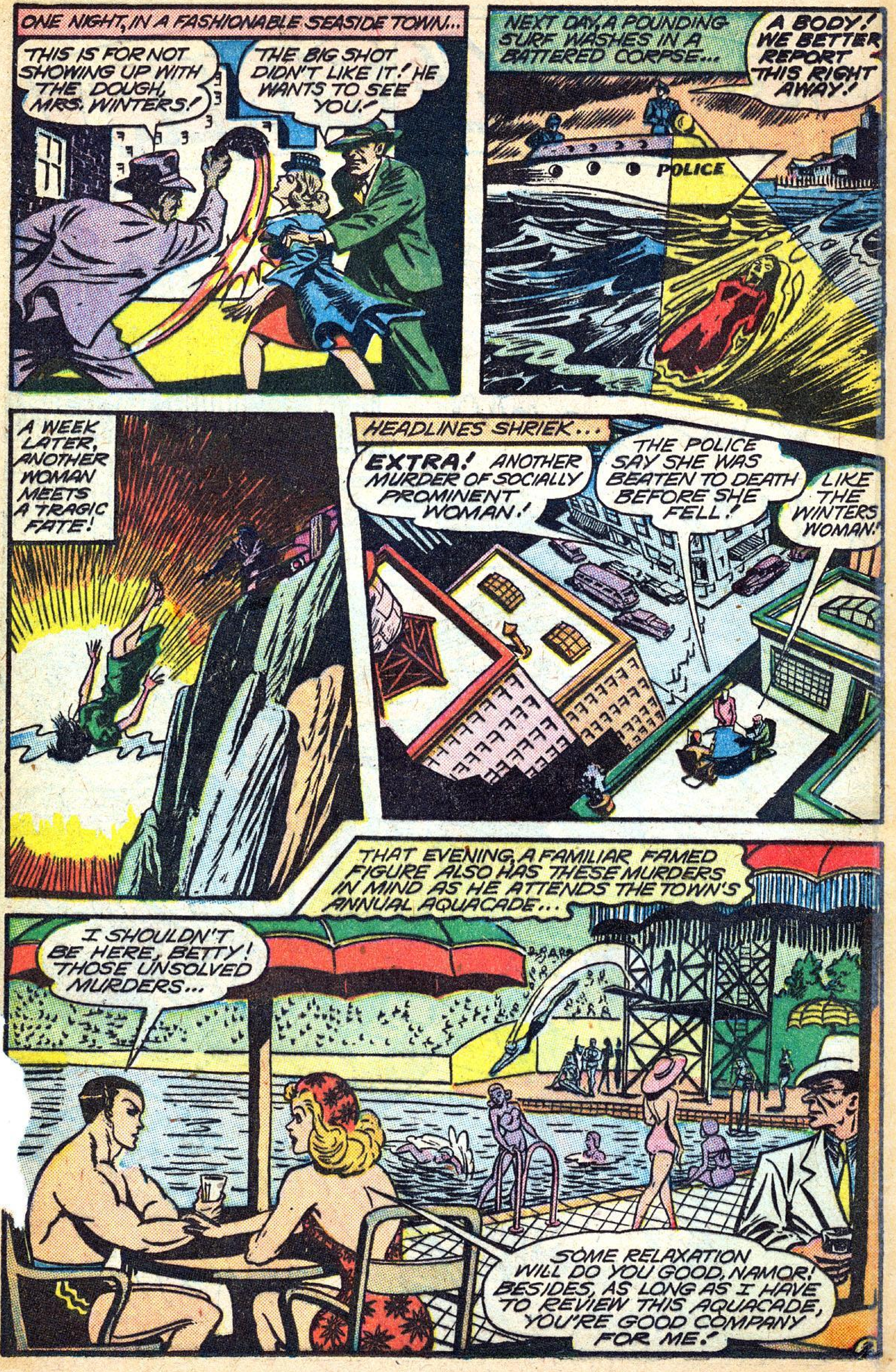

FROM THE DEATH GRIP TORO WRESTS.....
IT'S PART OF A NEGATIVE. GOSH, TORCH, THIS MUST HAVE BEEN LOLITA'S "TELL-TALE" FIND!
PROBABLY THE KILLER SNATCHED IT FROM HER, BUT DIDN'T GET ALL OF IT. LET ME HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT.
IT'S ONE OF BRUCE FEARING'S MESSAGES!
TO A—
BUT WHO WAS IT FOR? "TO A"... AND A DRAWING OF A TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE!
MOUTHPIECE....LAD, I'VE GOT IT! A "MOUTHPIECE" IS A LAWYER! YES, THAT EXPLAINS SOMETHING... SUCH AS WHY IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE THERE SHOULD BE A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN WORKING ORDER!
UNLESS THE BLACKMAILER HAD BROUGHT IT HIMSELF TO USE ON US.....LAWYER STANTON WAS THE ONLY ONE BESIDES CURTIS WHO KNEW WE'D BE THERE! THIS, TYING IN WITH THE "MOUTHPIECE" DRAWING....
THAT'S RIGHT, TORCH! IT MUST BE STANTON! LET'S CALL ON HIM PRONTO!
I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE!
STANTON! BEHIND A SECRET PANEL!
WITH JOYCE CURTIS!
YES, INDEED....JOYCE CURTIS IS MY HOSTAGE ....IF YOU MAKE ONE MOVE, I WON'T HESITATE TO KILL HER!
9

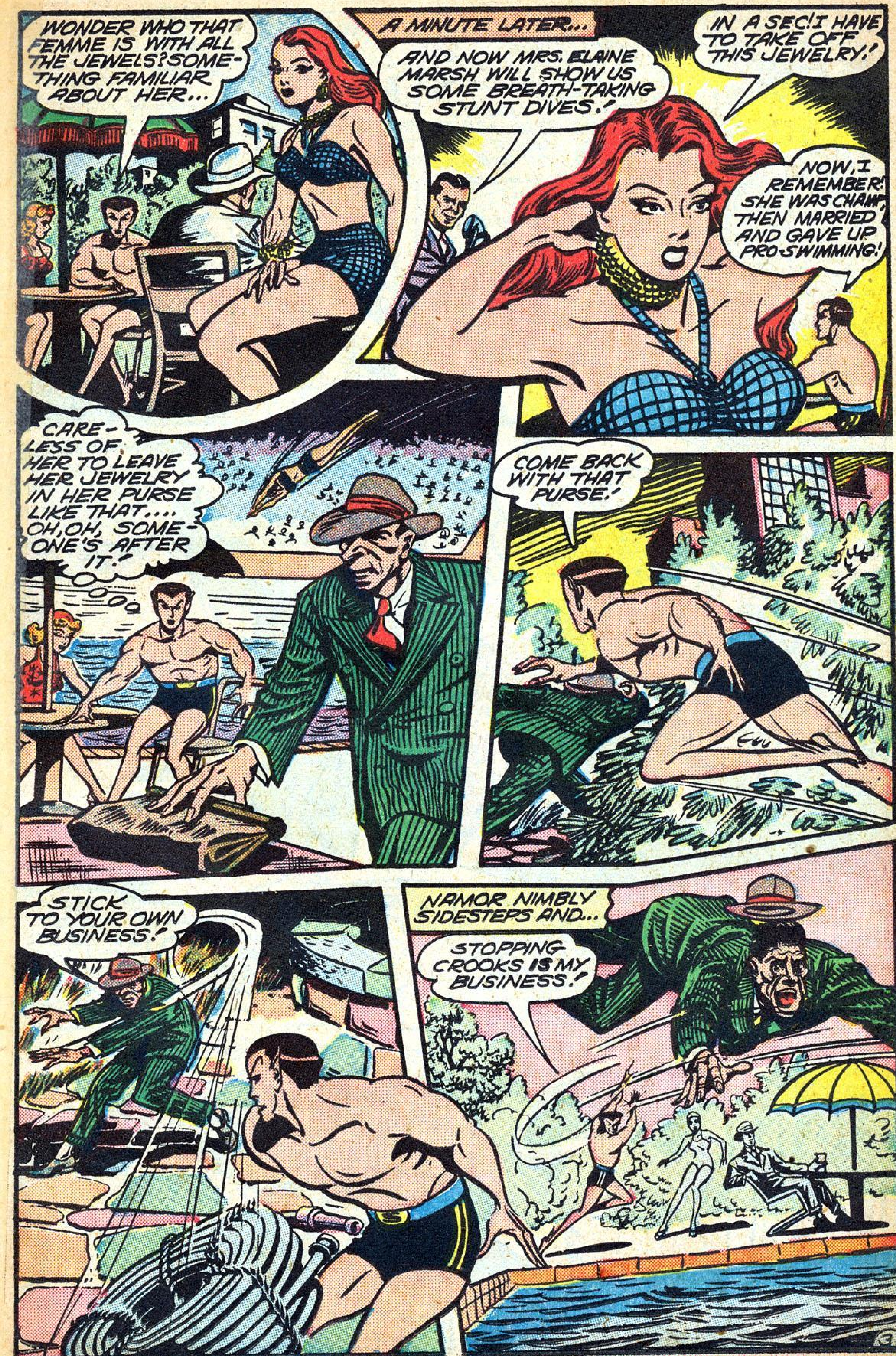

WE WON'T RISK HER LIFE...BUT, JOYCE, HOW DID **YOU** GET IN ON THIS?
I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH ARMAND. I WANTED TO ASK HIM MORE ABOUT THE MURDER. AS I WAS TALKING TO HIM IN THE RECEPTION ROOM, I FELT A HAND SUDDENLY GRAB ME....THROUGH A WALL PANEL....IT WAS STANTON WITH THE GUN!
I KNEW I'D HAVE TO COME BACK AND KILL YOU, *TORCH* AND *TORO*.....***WE*** HAD THOUGHT THE NEGATIVE OF FEARING'S PHOTOGRAPHED MESSAGE TO ME HAD BEEN ***DESTROYED*****.....BUT SINCE IT HADN'T AND LOLITA FOUND IT....WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!
YOU SAID ***WE***...
THE NEXT SECOND....
YES, ***WE***!
AS TORCH AND TORO SUCCUMB TO THE SMASHING BLOW!
GOOD WORK, ARMAND! TIE THEM WITH THE ASBESTOS ROPES....THE GIRL TOO! WE'LL GET THEM INTO THE CELLAR—FOR OPERATION "DEATH!"
I SEE YOU HAVE AN ACCOMPLICE, STANTON! NONE OTHER THAN ARMAND, THE PERFECT ALIBI MAN!
STOP YOUR WRIGGLING! YOU CAN'T BURN OUT!

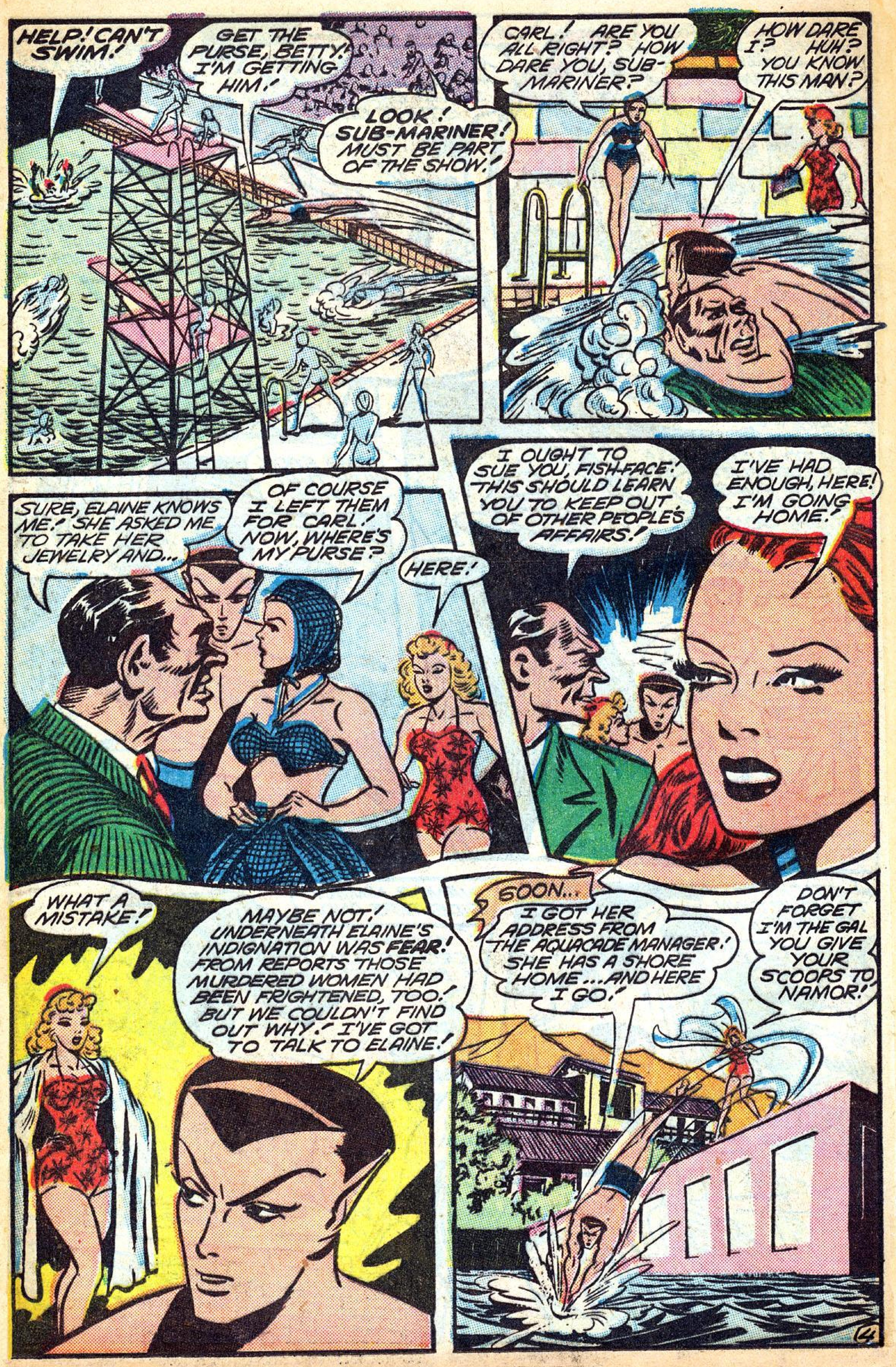

IT'S TRUE. I DID HATE BRUCE AND WANTED TO OWN THE BUSINESS MYSELF SO I COLLABORATED WITH STANTON. STANTON DID THE ACTUAL SHOOTING, AND I HELPED TO FRAME JOYCE.
WITH THE TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE MURDER PHOTO?
YES...WE TOOK ONE OF BRUCE'S SNAPS OF JOYCE, SUPERIMPOSED IT ON ANOTHER, A SHOOTING POSE BRUCE HAD ONCE MADE HIMSELF FOR AN ILLUSTRATION. I ALSO PREPARED A FLASH BULB STANTON SET OFF TO DAZE JOYCE... THE BRILLIANT POWDER FLASH CONTAINED CHLODIATHAL FUMES. IT DAZED BRUCE TOO....
AND ENABLED **ME** TO GRAB THE GUN AND KILL HIM.....THEN I PLANTED THE GUN IN JOYCE'S HANDS.... I HAD TO KILL FEARING! I OWED HIM $10,000, A GAMBLING DEBT...IT WAS MONEY I HAD EMBEZZLED FROM THE CURTIS TRUST FUND. FEARING KNEW OF THAT AND THREATENED TO SPILL TO CURTIS!
SO I DECIDED TO GET RID OF HIM! WITH THE BLACKMAIL MONEY FROM CURTIS, I COULD REPLACE THE EMBEZZLEMENT AND KEEP ON BLACKMAILING! ARMAND, PREPARE OPERATION "DEATH"! WHEEL IN THE CAMERA NOW!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
AS YOU SEE, THIS IS NO ORDINARY CAMERA. IT CONTAINS TRYOCHTOLENE ACID!
TRYOCHTOLENE! THE CUTANEOUS POISON...A BIT OF IT KILLS ON TOUCH!
EXACTLY! WE HAVE ENOUGH TRYOCHTOLENE IN THERE TO FINISH THE THREE OF YOU! WHEN I PRESS THE LEVER DOWN, A SUFFICIENT BIT OF POISON ACID WILL BE SUCTION-RELEASED THROUGH THE FUNNEL TO SPRAY EACH OF YOUR NECKS! READY, ARMAND!

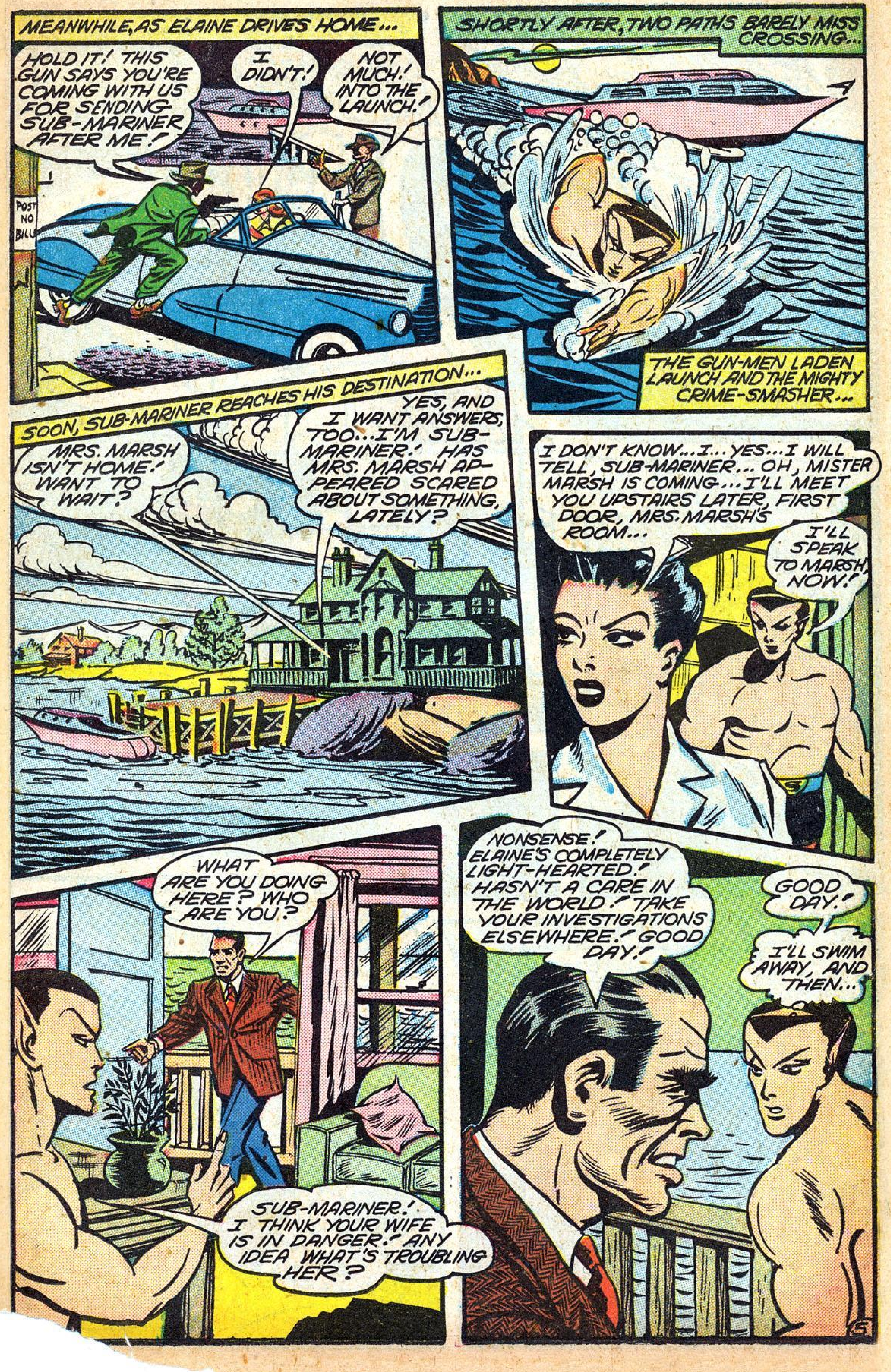

I'M ABOUT TO PRESS THE LEVER! THE LAST THING IN YOUR LIFE YOU'LL HEAR IS A CLICK!
NOT IF I CAN FLAME AND KICK! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
A MOMENT LATER....
YOU.... TORCH! FLAMING WON'T HELP!
BOOM!
THAT EXPLOSION SNAPPED THE ROPES ABOVE! I KNEW THAT TYPE OF ACID AND FIRE WOULD CAUSE A BLAST! NOT ENOUGH TO KILL, BUT TO DAMAGE..... JOYCE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES.... THANK HEAVENS!
THEY GOT THE BRUNT OF THE BLAST. BUT THEY'RE JUST BADLY SHAKEN...PHONE THE POLICE, TORO, WHILE I WRAP THEM IN THE ROPES!
LATER
HERE'S THE $25,000 BLACKMAIL MONEY STANTON GRABBED. WHERE HE AND ARMAND ARE GOING, THEY WON'T NEED A CENT! UNLESS HADES CHARGES AN ENTRANCE FEE!
THANKS A MILLION!
THE END

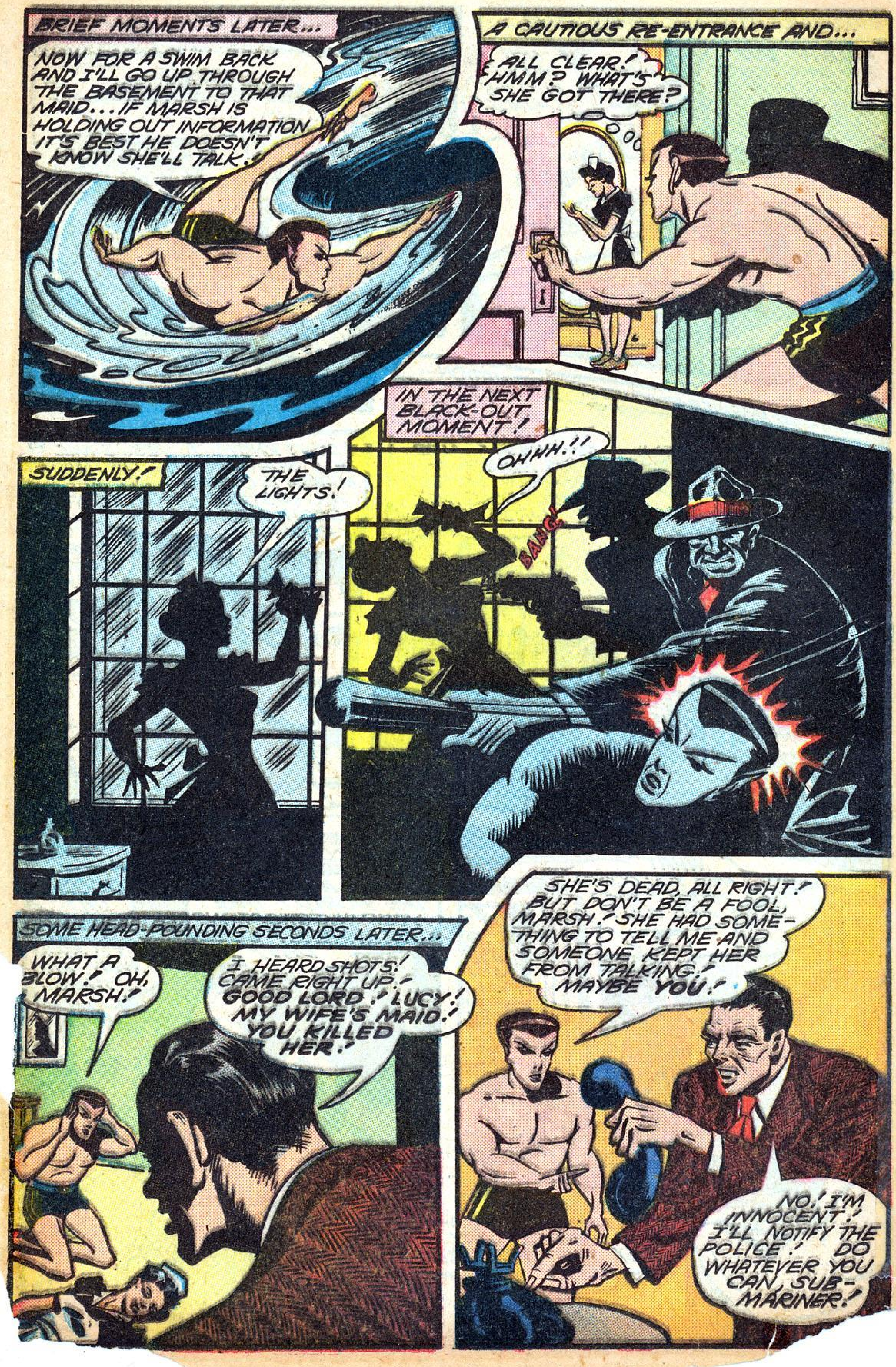

SUB-MARINER
THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER TURNS WHITE KNIGHT FOR THE WOMEN! AS A SUPER SIR GALAHAD OF FLASHING FISTS AND DYNAMIC WITS, THE DARING CRIME CRUSHER PLUNGES ON A DANGER TRAIL THAT LEADS TO MURDERING MOBSTERS AND A SINISTER SCHEME OF POWER AND DEATH! BUT WITH TABLES TIPPED ON THE VILLAINY AND A TIP TO THE GALS, THE CYCLONIC SEA PRINCE WINDS UP THE BAFFLING...
"MYSTER
OF THE HAUNTED POOL!"

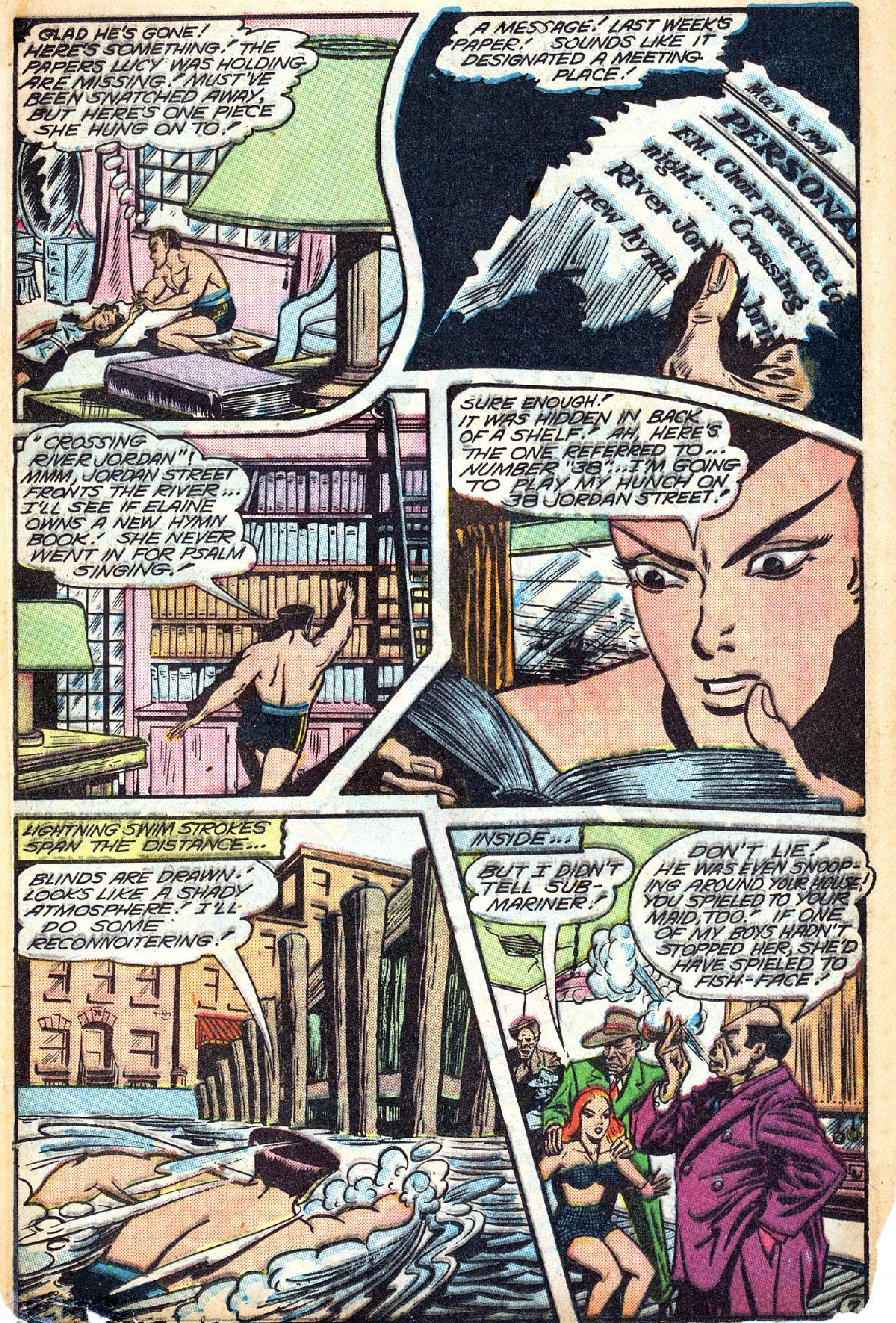

ONE NIGHT, IN A FASHIONABLE SEASIDE TOWN...
THIS IS FOR NOT SHOWING UP WITH THE DOUGH, MRS. WINTERS!
THE BIG SHOT DIDN'T LIKE IT! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!
NEXT DAY, A POUNDING SURF WASHES IN A BATTERED CORPSE...
A BODY! WE BETTER REPORT THIS RIGHT AWAY!
POLICE
A WEEK LATER, ANOTHER WOMAN MEETS A TRAGIC FATE!
HEADLINES SHRIEK...
EXTRA! ANOTHER MURDER OF SOCIALLY PROMINENT WOMAN!
THE POLICE SAY SHE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH BEFORE SHE FELL!
LIKE THE WINTERS WOMAN!
THAT EVENING, A FAMILIAR FAMED FIGURE ALSO HAS THESE MURDERS IN MIND AS HE ATTENDS THE TOWN'S ANNUAL AQUACADE...
I SHOULDN'T BE HERE, BETTY! THOSE UNSOLVED MURDERS...
SOME RELAXATION WILL DO YOU GOOD, NAMOR! BESIDES, AS LONG AS I HAVE TO REVIEW THIS AQUACADE, YOU'RE GOOD COMPANY FOR ME!

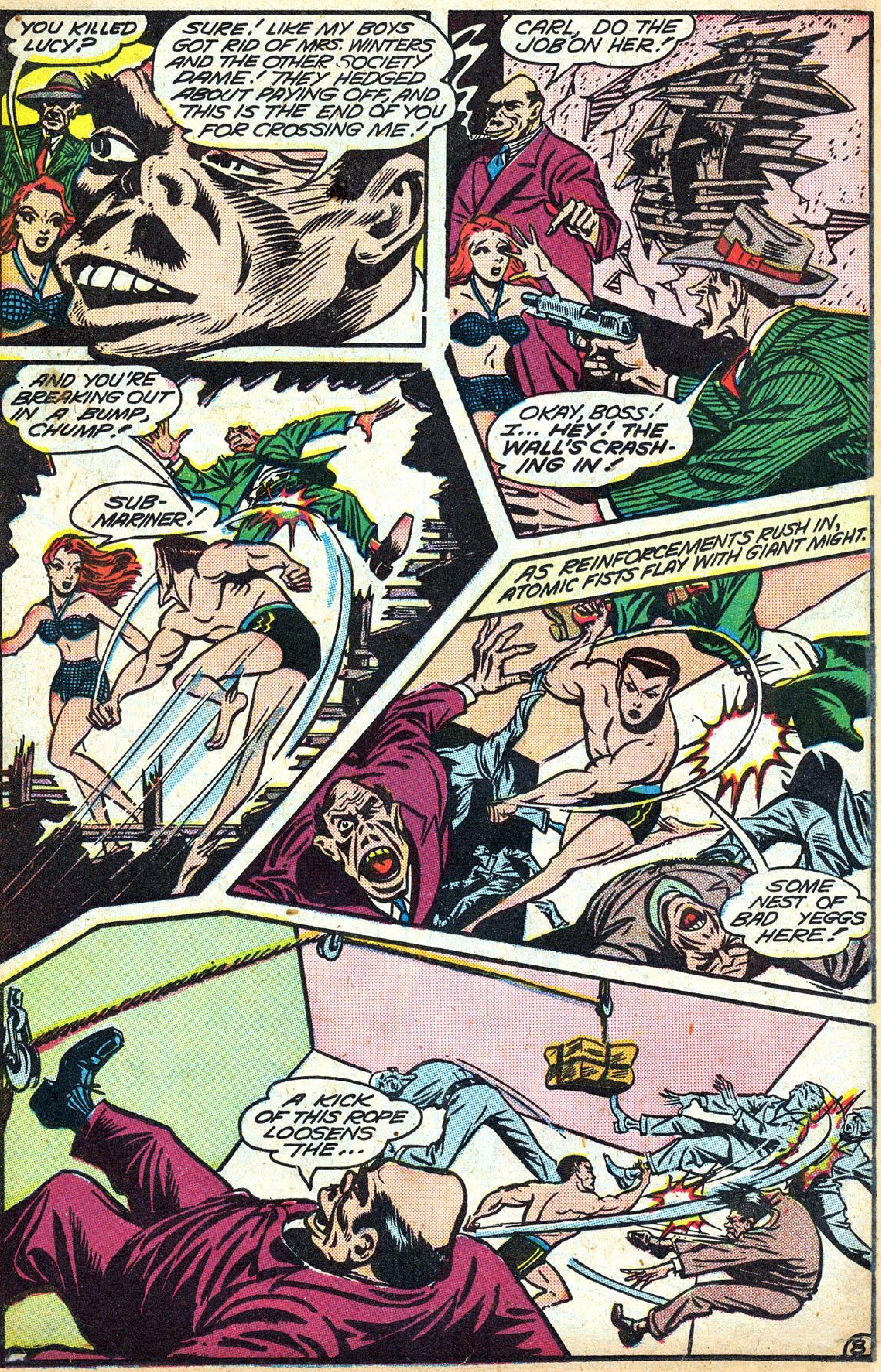

WONDER WHO THAT FEMME IS WITH ALL THE JEWELS? SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER...
A MINUTE LATER...
AND NOW MRS. ELAINE MARSH WILL SHOW US SOME BREATH-TAKING STUNT DIVES!
IN A SEC! I HAVE TO TAKE OFF THIS JEWELRY!
NOW, I REMEMBER! SHE WAS CHAMP, THEN MARRIED AND GAVE UP PRO-SWIMMING!
CARELESS OF HER TO LEAVE HER JEWELRY IN HER PURSE LIKE THAT.... OH, OH, SOMEONE'S AFTER IT!
COME BACK WITH THAT PURSE!
STICK TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
NAMOR NIMBLY SIDESTEPS AND...
STOPPING CROOKS IS MY BUSINESS!

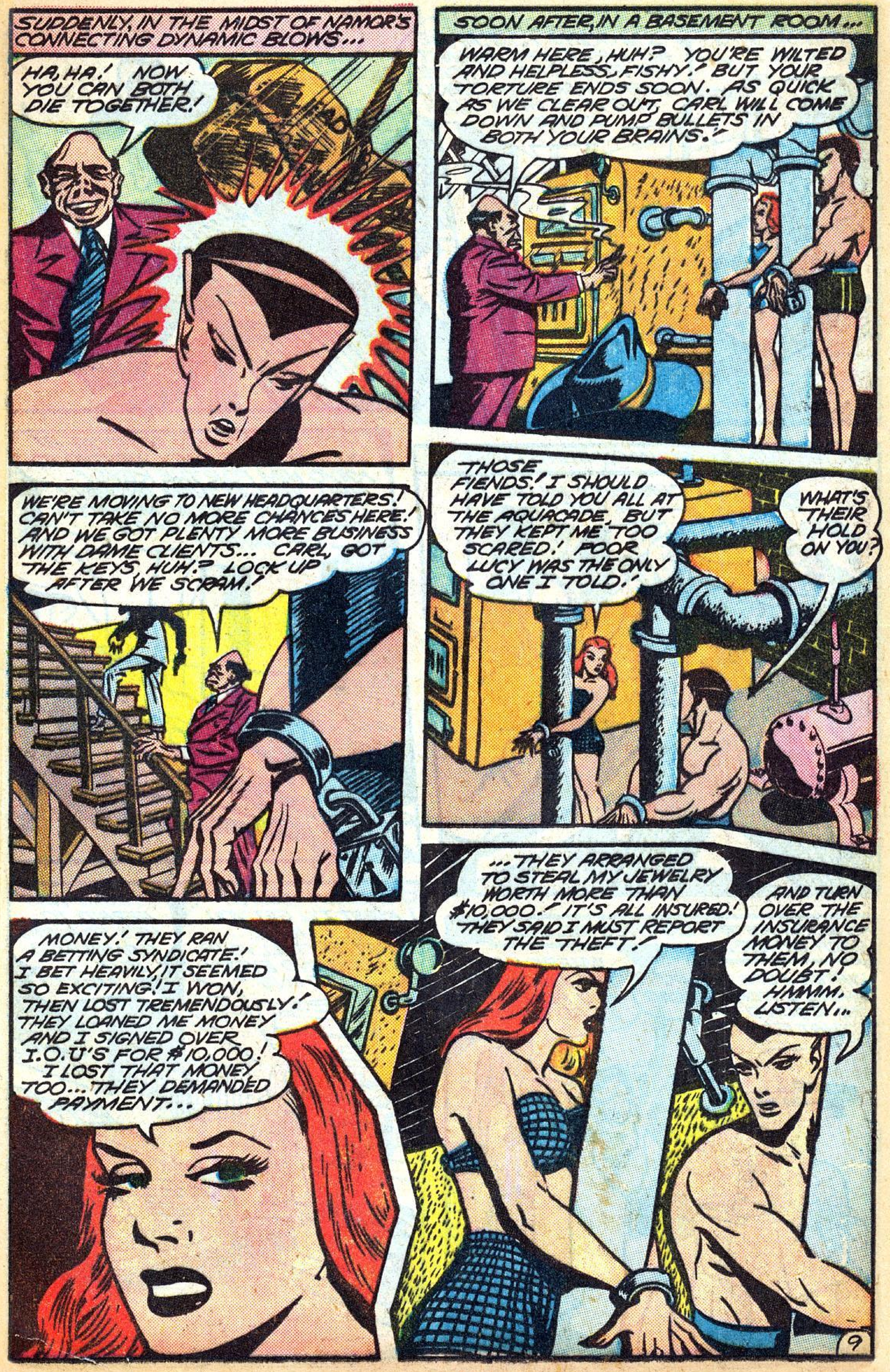

HELP! CAN'T SWIM!
GET THE PURSE, BETTY! I'M GETTING HIM!
LOOK! SUB-MARINER! MUST BE PART OF THE SHOW!
CARL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HOW DARE YOU, SUB-MARINER?
HOW DARE I? HUH? YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
SURE, ELAINE KNOWS ME! SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE HER JEWELRY AND...
OF COURSE I LEFT THEM FOR CARL! NOW, WHERE'S MY PURSE?
HERE!
I OUGHT TO SUE YOU, FISH-FACE! THIS SHOULD LEARN YOU TO KEEP OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH, HERE! I'M GOING HOME!
WHAT A MISTAKE!
MAYBE NOT! UNDERNEATH ELAINE'S INDIGNATION WAS FEAR! FROM REPORTS THOSE MURDERED WOMEN HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED, TOO! BUT WE COULDN'T FIND OUT WHY! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO ELAINE!
SOON...
I GOT HER ADDRESS FROM THE AQUACADE MANAGER! SHE HAS A SHORE HOME ...AND HERE I GO!
DON'T FORGET I'M THE GAL YOU GIVE YOUR SCOOPS TO NAMOR!
4

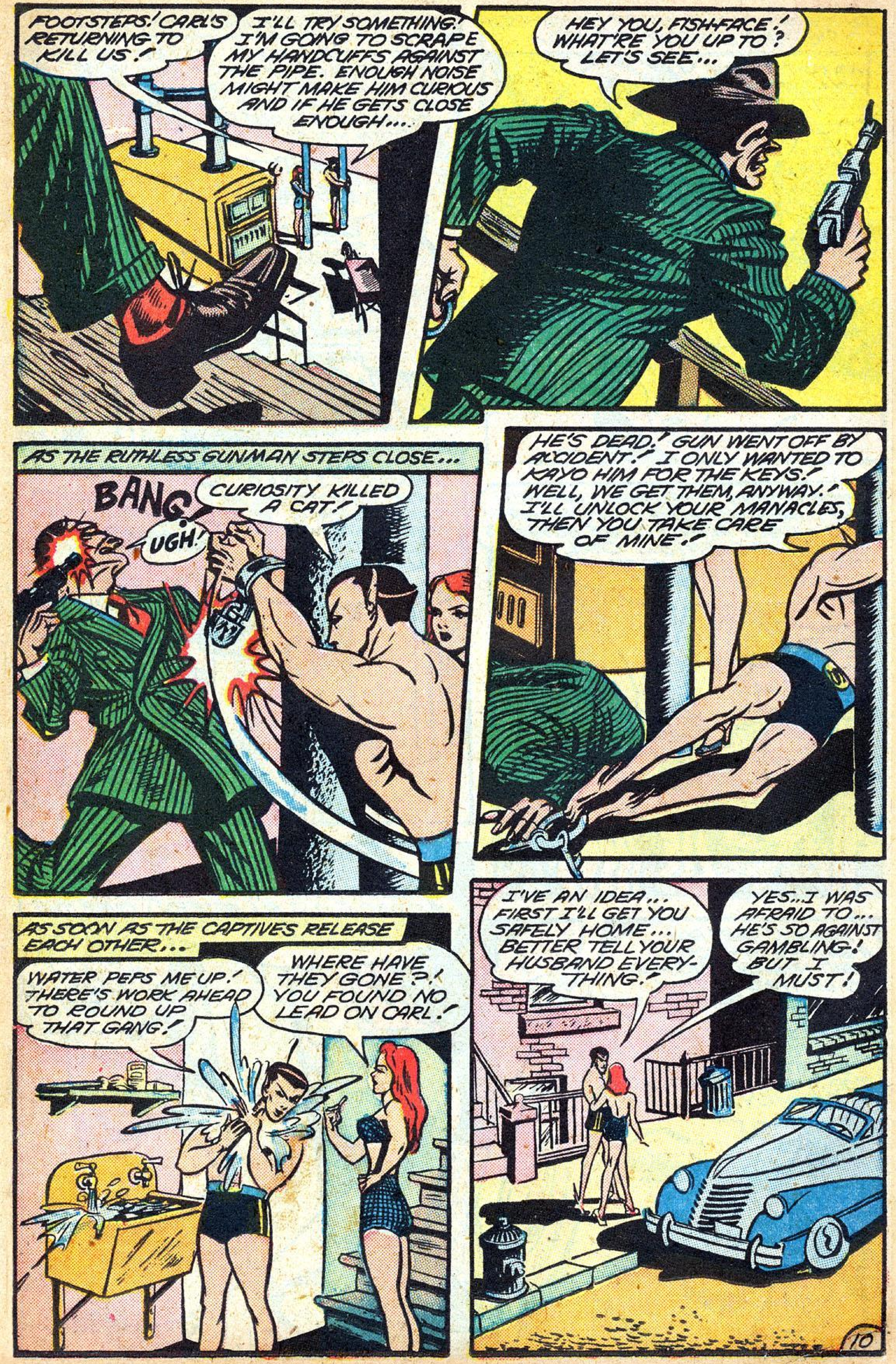

MEANWHILE, AS ELAINE DRIVES HOME...
HOLD IT! THIS GUN SAYS YOU'RE COMING WITH US FOR SENDING SUB-MARINER AFTER ME!
I DIDN'T!
NOT MUCH! INTO THE LAUNCH!
POST NO BILL
SHORTLY AFTER, TWO PATHS BARELY MISS CROSSING...
THE GUN-MEN LADEN LAUNCH AND THE MIGHTY CRIME-SMASHER...
SOON, SUB-MARINER REACHES HIS DESTINATION...
MRS. MARSH ISN'T HOME! WANT TO WAIT?
YES, AND I WANT ANSWERS, TOO... I'M SUB-MARINER! HAS MRS. MARSH APPEARED SCARED ABOUT SOMETHING, LATELY?
I DON'T KNOW... I... YES... I WILL TELL, SUB-MARINER... OH, MISTER MARSH IS COMING... I'LL MEET YOU UPSTAIRS LATER, FIRST DOOR, MRS. MARSH'S ROOM...
I'LL SPEAK TO MARSH, NOW!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
SUB-MARINER! I THINK YOUR WIFE IS IN DANGER! ANY IDEA WHAT'S TROUBLING HER?
NONSENSE! ELAINE'S COMPLETELY LIGHT-HEARTED! HASN'T A CARE IN THE WORLD! TAKE YOUR INVESTIGATIONS ELSEWHERE! GOOD DAY!
GOOD DAY!
I'LL SWIM AWAY, AND THEN...

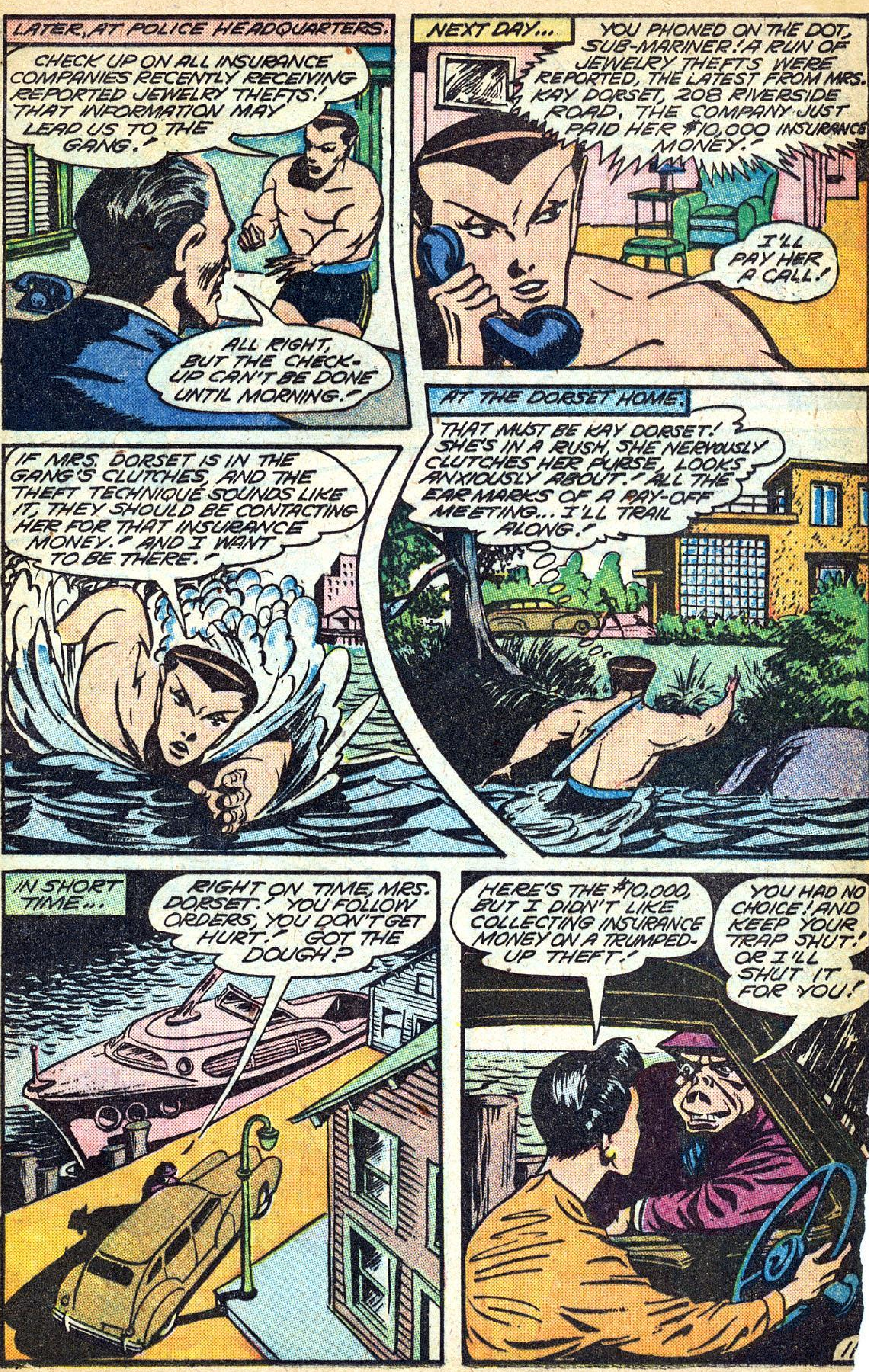

BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...
NOW FOR A SWIM BACK AND I'LL GO UP THROUGH THE BASEMENT TO THAT MAID... IF MARSH IS HOLDING OUT INFORMATION IT'S BEST HE DOESN'T KNOW SHE'LL TALK!
A CAUTIOUS RE-ENTRANCE AND...
ALL CLEAR! HMM? WHAT'S SHE GOT THERE?
SUDDENLY!
THE LIGHTS!
IN THE NEXT BLACK-OUT MOMENT!
OHHH!!
BANG!
SOME HEAD-POUNDING SECONDS LATER...
WHAT A BLOW! OH, MARSH!
I HEARD SHOTS! CAME RIGHT UP. GOOD LORD! LUCY! MY WIFE'S MAID! YOU KILLED HER!
SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T BE A FOOL, MARSH! SHE HAD SOMETHING TO TELL ME AND SOMEONE KEPT HER FROM TALKING! MAYBE YOU!
NO! I'M INNOCENT! I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE! DO WHATEVER YOU CAN, SUB-MARINER!

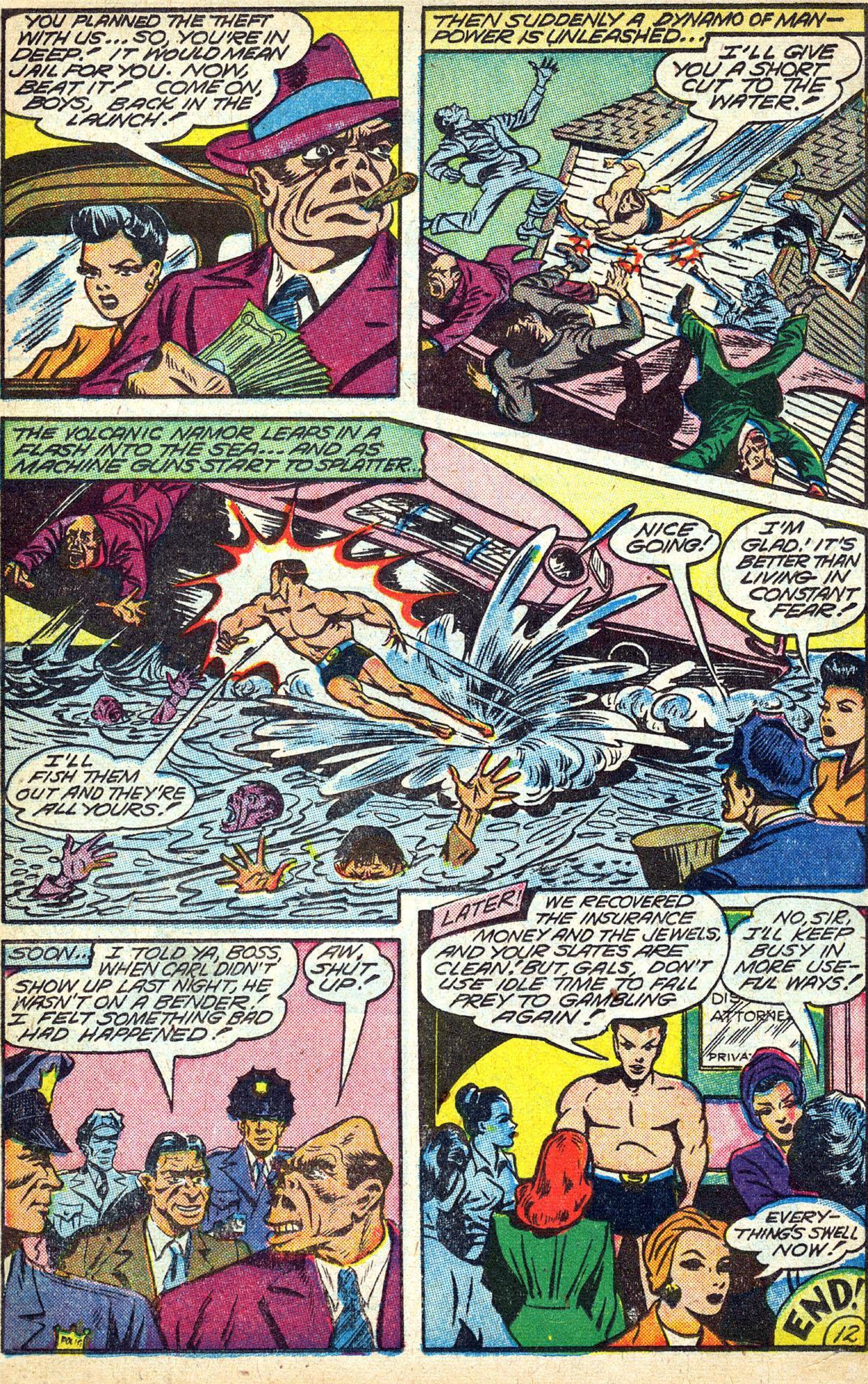

GLAD HE'S GONE! HERE'S SOMETHING! THE PAPERS LUCY WAS HOLDING ARE MISSING! MUST'VE BEEN SNATCHED AWAY, BUT HERE'S ONE PIECE SHE HUNG ON TO!
A MESSAGE! LAST WEEK'S PAPER! SOUNDS LIKE IT DESIGNATED A MEETING PLACE!
May 6, 19[illegible]
PERSONA
F.M. Choir practice to night.... "Crossing River Jor bri new hymn
"CROSSING RIVER JORDAN"! MMM, JORDAN STREET FRONTS THE RIVER... I'LL SEE IF ELAINE OWNS A NEW HYMN BOOK! SHE NEVER WENT IN FOR PSALM SINGING!
SURE ENOUGH! IT WAS HIDDEN IN BACK OF A SHELF! AH, HERE'S THE ONE REFERRED TO... NUMBER "38"... I'M GOING TO PLAY MY HUNCH ON 38 JORDAN STREET!
LIGHTNING SWIM STROKES SPAN THE DISTANCE...
BLINDS ARE DRAWN! LOOKS LIKE A SHADY ATMOSPHERE! I'LL DO SOME RECONNOITERING!
INSIDE...
BUT I DIDN'T TELL SUB-MARINER!
DON'T LIE! HE WAS EVEN SNOOPING AROUND YOUR HOUSE! YOU SPIELED TO YOUR MAID, TOO! IF ONE OF MY BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HER, SHE'D HAVE SPIELED TO FISH-FACE!


YOU KILLED LUCY?
SURE! LIKE MY BOYS GOT RID OF MRS. WINTERS AND THE OTHER SOCIETY DAME! THEY HEDGED ABOUT PAYING OFF, AND THIS IS THE END OF YOU FOR CROSSING ME!
CARL, DO THE JOB ON HER!
OKAY, BOSS! I... HEY! THE WALL'S CRASHING IN!
...AND YOU'RE BREAKING OUT IN A BUMP, CHUMP!
SUB-MARINER!
AS REINFORCEMENTS RUSH IN, ATOMIC FISTS FLAY WITH GIANT MIGHT.
SOME NEST OF BAD YEGGS HERE!
A KICK OF THIS ROPE LOOSENS THE...


SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF NAMOR'S CONNECTING DYNAMIC BLOWS...
HA, HA! NOW YOU CAN BOTH DIE TOGETHER!
SOON AFTER, IN A BASEMENT ROOM...
WARM HERE, HUH? YOU'RE WILTED AND HELPLESS, FISHY! BUT YOUR TORTURE ENDS SOON. AS QUICK AS WE CLEAR OUT, CARL WILL COME DOWN AND PUMP BULLETS IN BOTH YOUR BRAINS!
WE'RE MOVING TO NEW HEADQUARTERS! CAN'T TAKE NO MORE CHANCES HERE! AND WE GOT PLENTY MORE BUSINESS WITH DAME CLIENTS... CARL, GOT THE KEYS, HUH? LOCK UP AFTER WE SCRAM!
THOSE FIENDS! I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU ALL AT THE AQUACADE, BUT THEY KEPT ME TOO SCARED! POOR LUCY WAS THE ONLY ONE I TOLD!
WHAT'S THEIR HOLD ON YOU?
MONEY! THEY RAN A BETTING SYNDICATE! I BET HEAVILY, IT SEEMED SO EXCITING! I WON, THEN LOST TREMENDOUSLY! THEY LOANED ME MONEY AND I SIGNED OVER I.O.U'S FOR $10,000! I LOST THAT MONEY TOO... THEY DEMANDED PAYMENT...
...THEY ARRANGED TO STEAL MY JEWELRY WORTH MORE THAN $10,000! IT'S ALL INSURED! THEY SAID I MUST REPORT THE THEFT!
AND TURN OVER THE INSURANCE MONEY TO THEM, NO DOUBT! HMMM. LISTEN...


FOOTSTEPS! CARL'S RETURNING TO KILL US!
I'LL TRY SOMETHING! I'M GOING TO SCRAPE MY HANDCUFFS AGAINST THE PIPE. ENOUGH NOISE MIGHT MAKE HIM CURIOUS AND IF HE GETS CLOSE ENOUGH...
HEY YOU, FISH-FACE! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO? LET'S SEE...
AS THE RUTHLESS GUNMAN STEPS CLOSE...
BANG!
CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT!
UGH!
HE'S DEAD! GUN WENT OFF BY ACCIDENT! I ONLY WANTED TO KAYO HIM FOR THE KEYS! WELL, WE GET THEM, ANYWAY! I'LL UNLOCK YOUR MANACLES, THEN YOU TAKE CARE OF MINE!
AS SOON AS THE CAPTIVES RELEASE EACH OTHER...
WATER PEPS ME UP! THERE'S WORK AHEAD TO ROUND UP THAT GANG!
WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?! YOU FOUND NO LEAD ON CARL!
I'VE AN IDEA... FIRST I'LL GET YOU SAFELY HOME... BETTER TELL YOUR HUSBAND EVERYTHING!
YES...I WAS AFRAID TO... HE'S SO AGAINST GAMBLING! BUT I MUST!


LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
CHECK UP ON ALL INSURANCE COMPANIES RECENTLY RECEIVING REPORTED JEWELRY THEFTS! THAT INFORMATION MAY LEAD US TO THE GANG.'
ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CHECK-UP CAN'T BE DONE UNTIL MORNING.'
NEXT DAY...
YOU PHONED ON THE DOT, SUB-MARINER! A RUN OF JEWELRY THEFTS WERE REPORTED, THE LATEST FROM MRS. KAY DORSET, 208 RIVERSIDE ROAD. THE COMPANY JUST PAID HER $10,000 INSURANCE MONEY.'
I'LL PAY HER A CALL!
IF MRS. DORSET IS IN THE GANG'S CLUTCHES, AND THE THEFT TECHNIQUE SOUNDS LIKE IT, THEY SHOULD BE CONTACTING HER FOR THAT INSURANCE MONEY.' AND I WANT TO BE THERE.'
AT THE DORSET HOME.
THAT MUST BE KAY DORSET! SHE'S IN A RUSH, SHE NERVOUSLY CLUTCHES HER PURSE, LOOKS ANXIOUSLY ABOUT.' ALL THE EAR MARKS OF A PAY-OFF MEETING... I'LL TRAIL ALONG.'
IN SHORT TIME...
RIGHT ON TIME, MRS. DORSET.' YOU FOLLOW ORDERS, YOU DON'T GET HURT.' GOT THE DOUGH?
HERE'S THE $10,000, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE COLLECTING INSURANCE MONEY ON A TRUMPED-UP THEFT!
YOU HAD NO CHOICE! AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! OR I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!

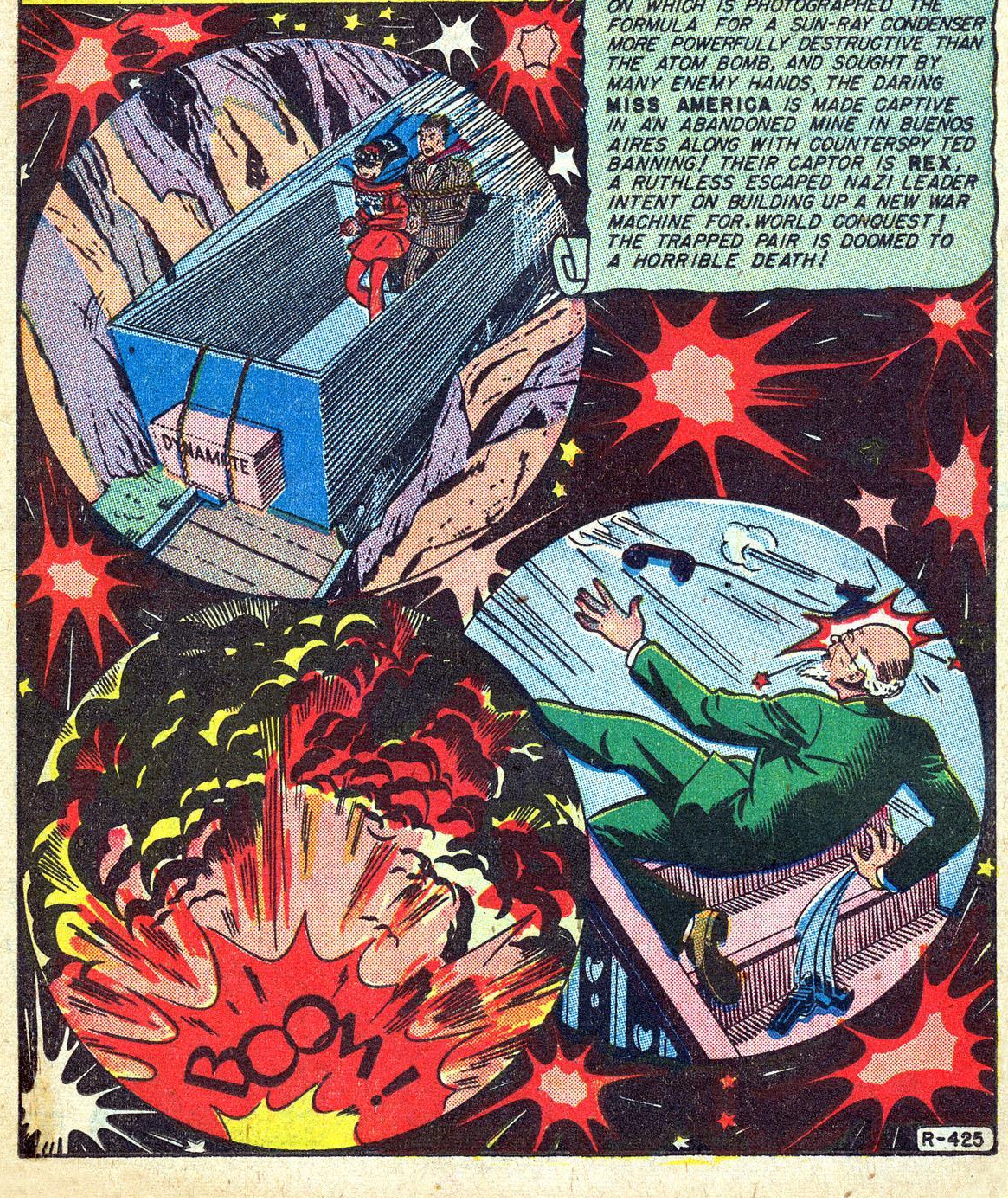

YOU PLANNED THE THEFT WITH US... SO, YOU'RE IN DEEP! IT WOULD MEAN JAIL FOR YOU. NOW, BEAT IT! COME ON, BOYS, BACK IN THE LAUNCH!
THEN SUDDENLY A DYNAMO OF MAN-POWER IS UNLEASHED...
I'LL GIVE YOU A SHORT CUT TO THE WATER!
THE VOLCANIC NAMOR LEAPS IN A FLASH INTO THE SEA... AND AS MACHINE GUNS START TO SPLATTER.
NICE GOING!
I'M GLAD! IT'S BETTER THAN LIVING IN CONSTANT FEAR!
I'LL FISH THEM OUT AND THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
SOON... I TOLD YA, BOSS, WHEN CARL DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT, HE WASN'T ON A BENDER! I FELT SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED!
AW, SHUT UP!
LATER!
WE RECOVERED THE INSURANCE MONEY AND THE JEWELS, AND YOUR SLATES ARE CLEAN! BUT, GALS, DON'T USE IDLE TIME TO FALL PREY TO GAMBLING AGAIN!
NO, SIR, I'LL KEEP BUSY IN MORE USE-FUL WAYS!
DIS
ATTORNE
PRIVA
EVERY-THING'S SWELL NOW!
END!
12

Miss AMERICA

in

"DANGER TRAIL!"

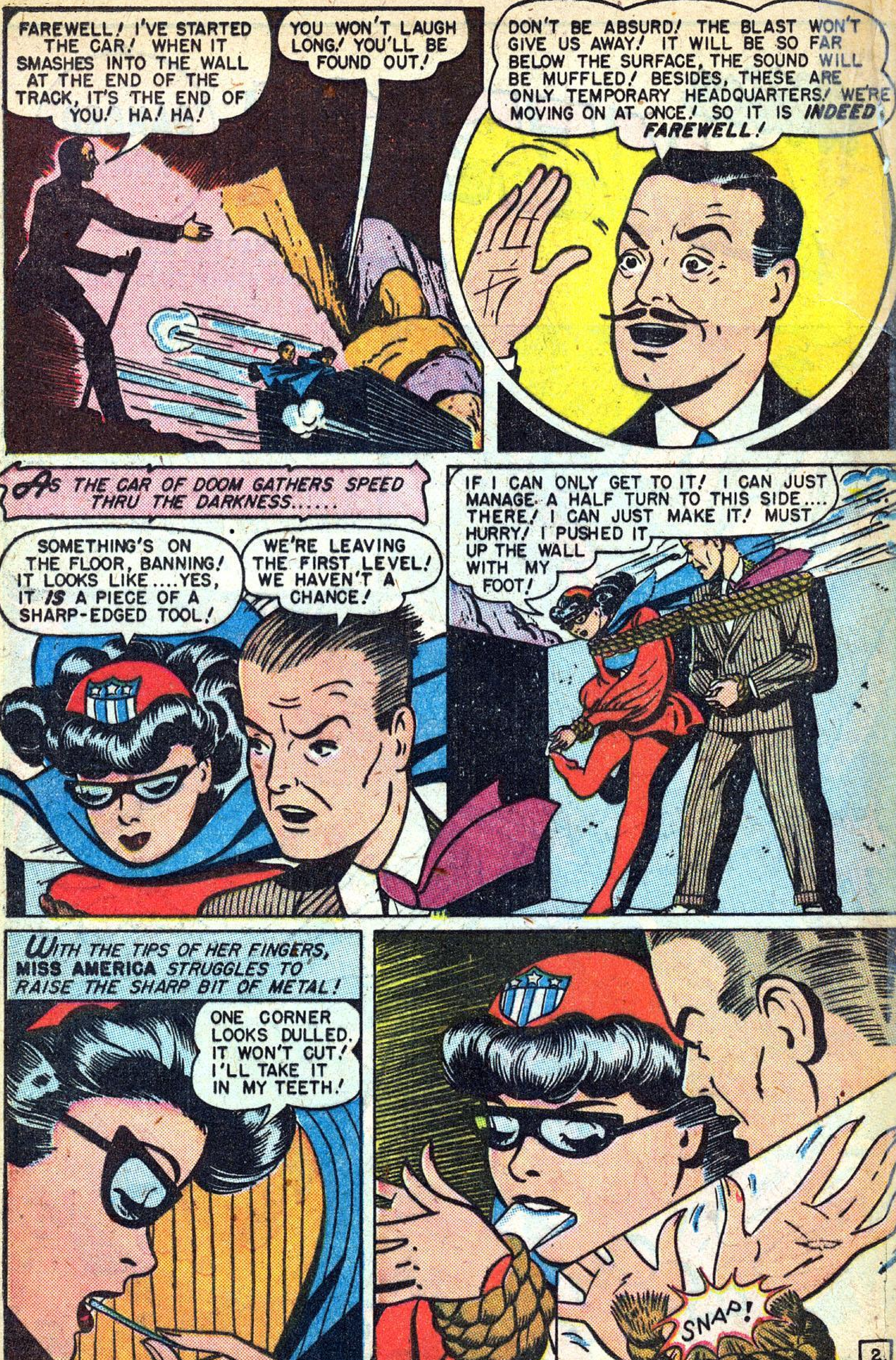
CHAPTER VIII

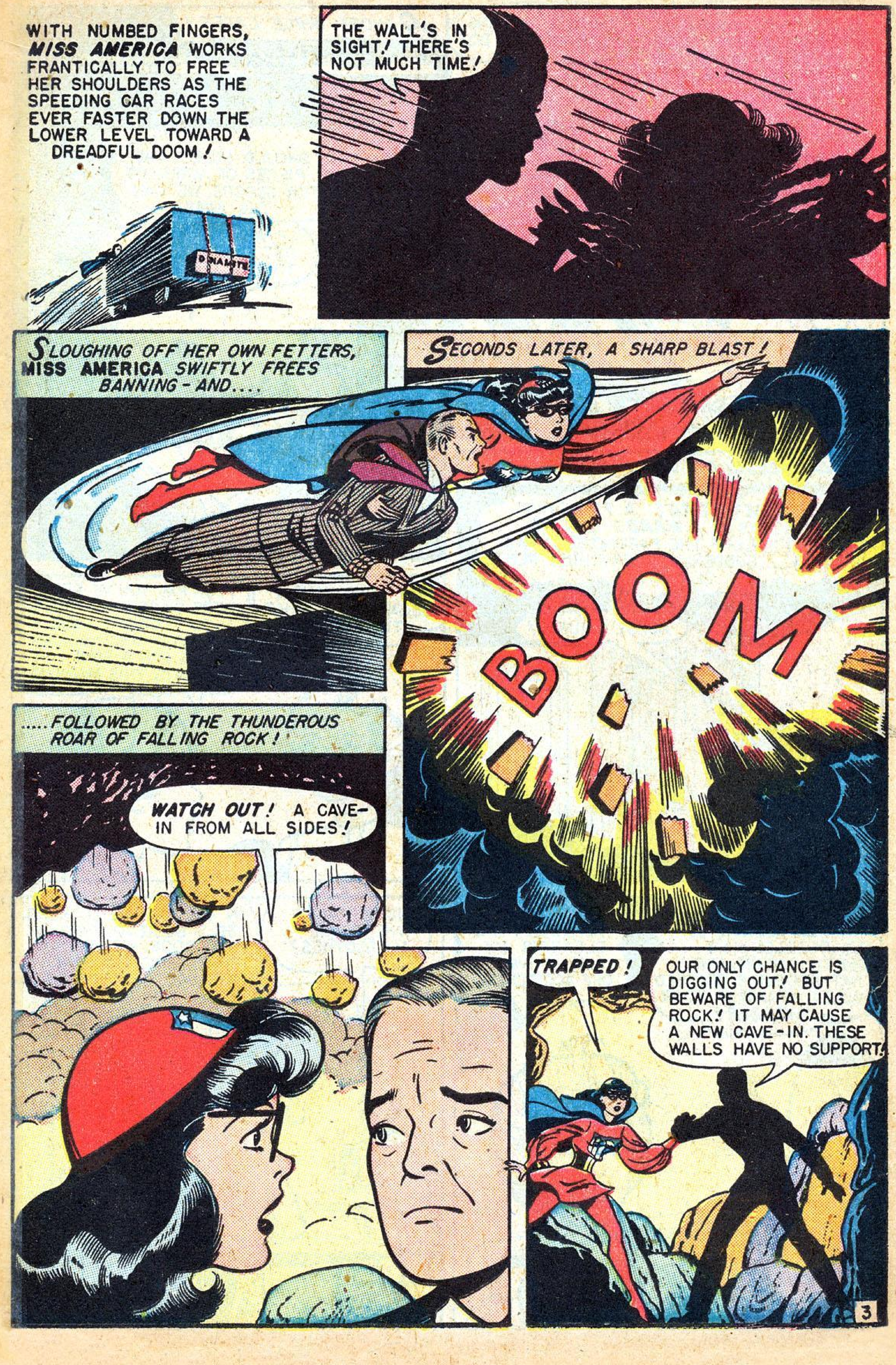


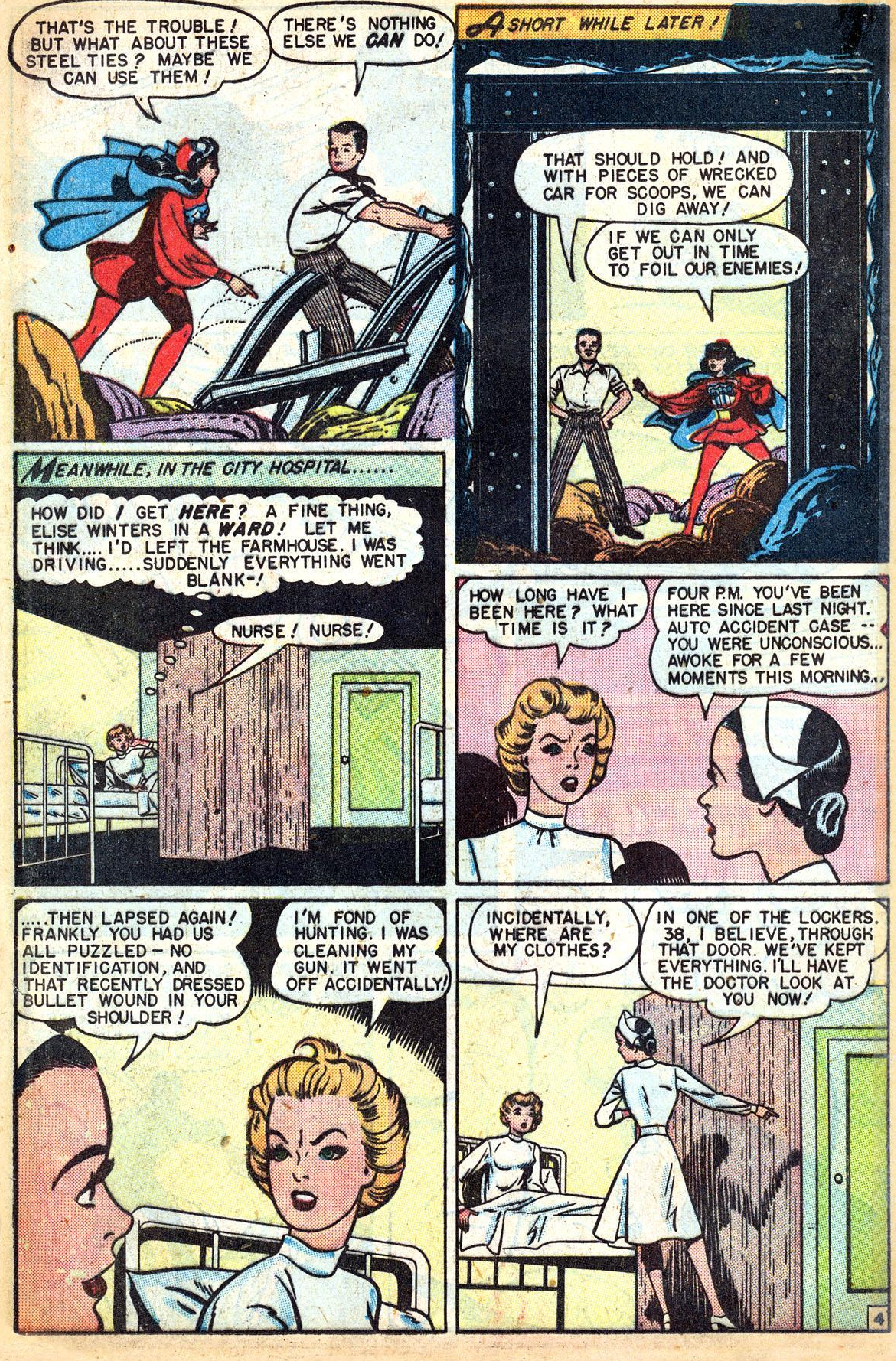
THE STORY THUS FAR...

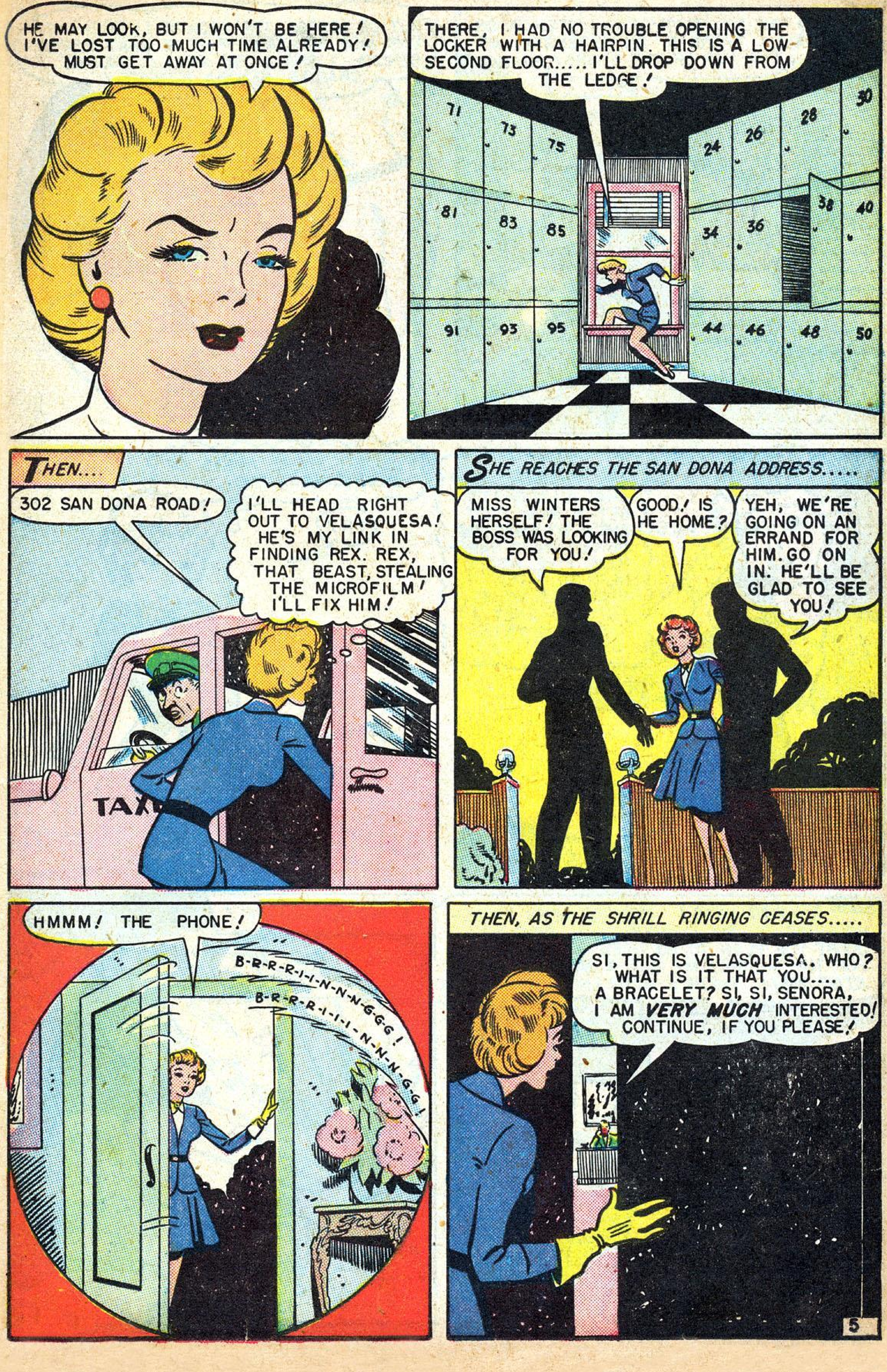
ON THE TRAIL OF A MICROFILM ON WHICH IS PHOTOGRAPHED THE FORMULA FOR A SUN-RAY CONDENSER MORE POWERFULLY DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB, AND SOUGHT BY MANY ENEMY HANDS, THE DARING **MISS AMERICA** IS MADE CAPTIVE IN AN ABANDONED MINE IN BUENOS AIRES ALONG WITH COUNTERSPY TED BANNING! THEIR CAPTOR IS **REX**, A RUTHLESS ESCAPED NAZI LEADER INTENT ON BUILDING UP A NEW WAR MACHINE FOR WORLD CONQUEST! THE TRAPPED PAIR IS DOOMED TO A HORRIBLE DEATH!

R-425


FAREWELL! I'VE STARTED THE CAR! WHEN IT SMASHES INTO THE WALL AT THE END OF THE TRACK, IT'S THE END OF YOU! HA! HA!
YOU WON'T LAUGH LONG! YOU'LL BE FOUND OUT!
DON'T BE ABSURD! THE BLAST WON'T GIVE US AWAY! IT WILL BE SO FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, THE SOUND WILL BE MUFFLED! BESIDES, THESE ARE ONLY TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS! WE'RE MOVING ON AT ONCE! SO IT IS INDEED FAREWELL!
AS THE CAR OF DOOM GATHERS SPEED THRU THE DARKNESS......
SOMETHING'S ON THE FLOOR, BANNING! IT LOOKS LIKE....YES, IT IS A PIECE OF A SHARP-EDGED TOOL!
WE'RE LEAVING THE FIRST LEVEL! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
IF I CAN ONLY GET TO IT! I CAN JUST MANAGE A HALF TURN TO THIS SIDE.... THERE! I CAN JUST MAKE IT! MUST HURRY! I PUSHED IT UP THE WALL WITH MY FOOT!
WITH THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS, MISS AMERICA STRUGGLES TO RAISE THE SHARP BIT OF METAL!
ONE CORNER LOOKS DULLED. IT WON'T CUT! I'LL TAKE IT IN MY TEETH!
SNAP!
2.


WITH NUMBED FINGERS, **MISS AMERICA** WORKS FRANTICALLY TO FREE HER SHOULDERS AS THE SPEEDING CAR RACES EVER FASTER DOWN THE LOWER LEVEL TOWARD A DREADFUL DOOM!
DYNAMITE
THE WALL'S IN SIGHT! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!
SLOUGHING OFF HER OWN FETTERS, **MISS AMERICA** SWIFTLY FREES BANNING - AND...
SECONDS LATER, A SHARP BLAST!
BOOM
....FOLLOWED BY THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF FALLING ROCK!
WATCH OUT! A CAVE-IN FROM ALL SIDES!
TRAPPED!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS DIGGING OUT! BUT BEWARE OF FALLING ROCK! IT MAY CAUSE A NEW CAVE-IN. THESE WALLS HAVE NO SUPPORT!


THAT'S THE TROUBLE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE STEEL TIES? MAYBE WE CAN USE THEM!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO!
A SHORT WHILE LATER!
THAT SHOULD HOLD! AND WITH PIECES OF WRECKED CAR FOR SCOOPS, WE CAN DIG AWAY!
IF WE CAN ONLY GET OUT IN TIME TO FOIL OUR ENEMIES!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY HOSPITAL.....
HOW DID I GET HERE? A FINE THING, ELISE WINTERS IN A WARD! LET ME THINK.... I'D LEFT THE FARMHOUSE. I WAS DRIVING.....SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLANK-!
NURSE! NURSE!
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE? WHAT TIME IS IT?
FOUR P.M. YOU'VE BEEN HERE SINCE LAST NIGHT. AUTO ACCIDENT CASE -- YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS... AWOKE FOR A FEW MOMENTS THIS MORNING...
.....THEN LAPSED AGAIN! FRANKLY YOU HAD US ALL PUZZLED - NO IDENTIFICATION, AND THAT RECENTLY DRESSED BULLET WOUND IN YOUR SHOULDER!
I'M FOND OF HUNTING. I WAS CLEANING MY GUN. IT WENT OFF ACCIDENTALLY!
INCIDENTALLY, WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?
IN ONE OF THE LOCKERS. 38, I BELIEVE, THROUGH THAT DOOR. WE'VE KEPT EVERYTHING. I'LL HAVE THE DOCTOR LOOK AT YOU NOW!


HE MAY LOOK, BUT I WON'T BE HERE! I'VE LOST TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY! MUST GET AWAY AT ONCE!
THERE, I HAD NO TROUBLE OPENING THE LOCKER WITH A HAIRPIN. THIS IS A LOW SECOND FLOOR..... I'LL DROP DOWN FROM THE LEDGE!
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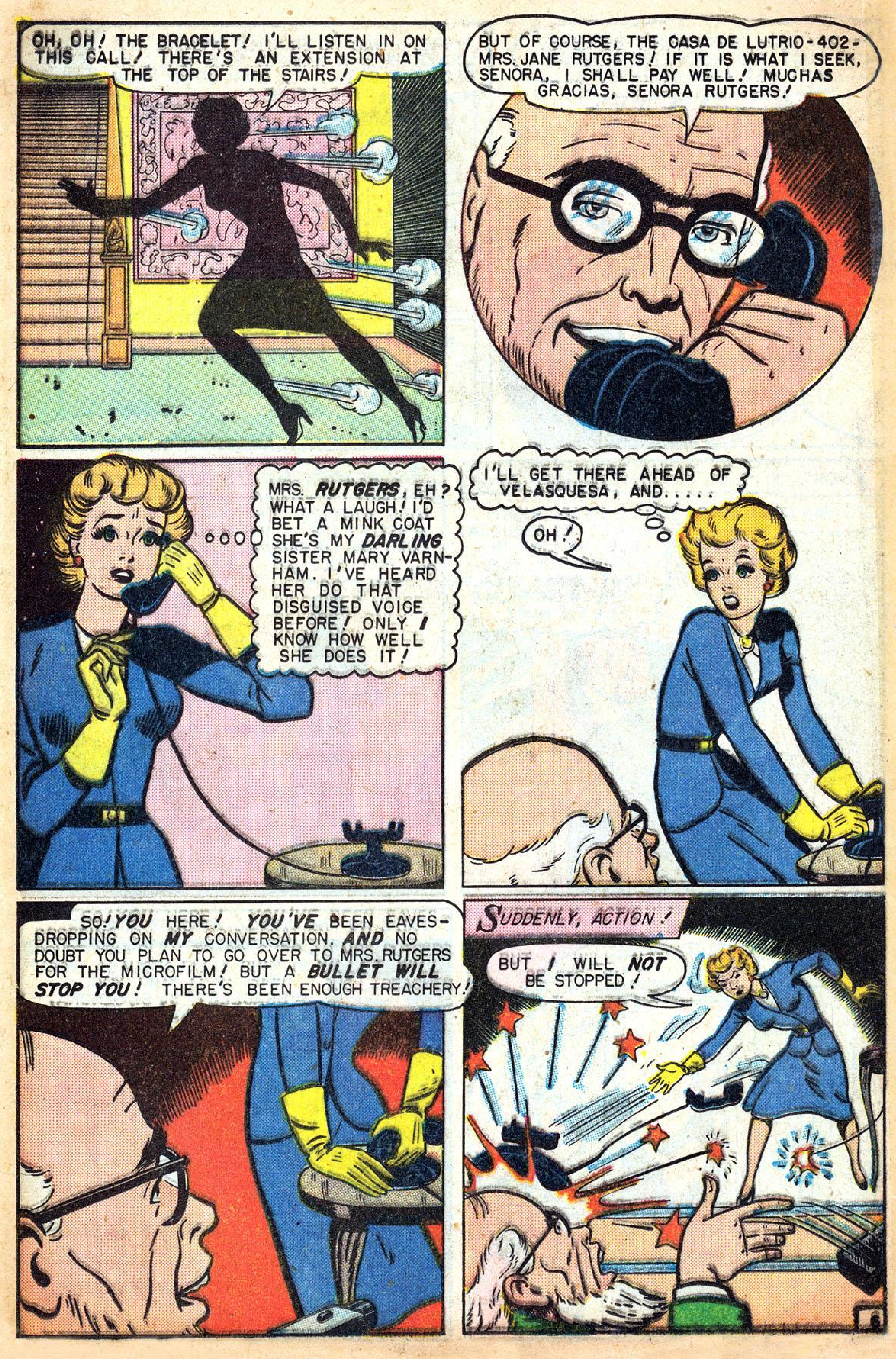
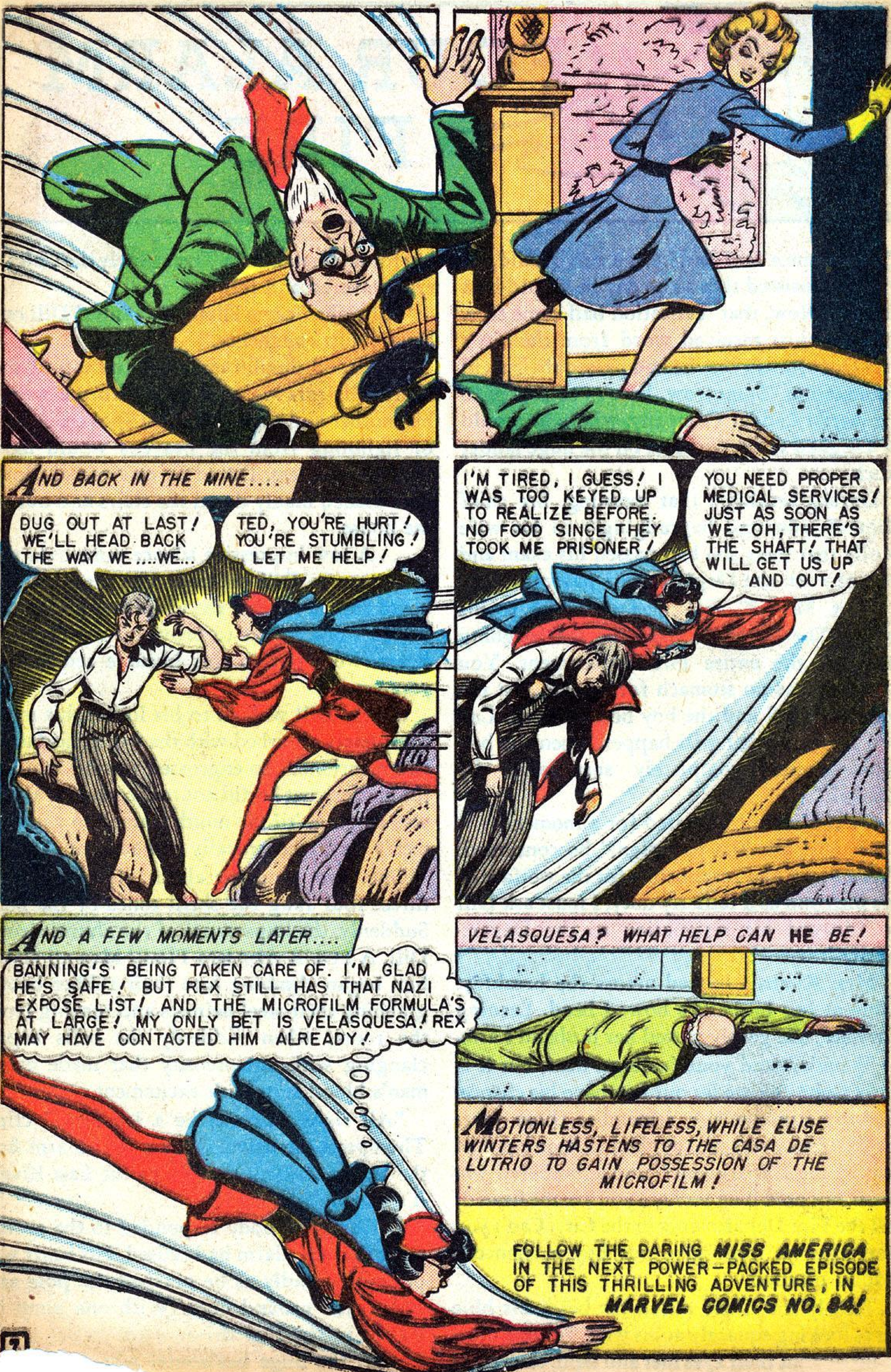
THEN...
302 SAN DONA ROAD!
I'LL HEAD RIGHT OUT TO VELASQUESA! HE'S MY LINK IN FINDING REX. REX, THAT BEAST, STEALING THE MICROFILM! I'LL FIX HIM!
TAX
SHE REACHES THE SAN DONA ADDRESS.....
MISS WINTERS HERSELF! THE BOSS WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!
GOOD! IS HE HOME?
YEH, WE'RE GOING ON AN ERRAND FOR HIM. GO ON IN. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
HMMM! THE PHONE!
B-R-R-R-I-I-N-N-N-
B-R-R-R-I-I-I-N-N-N-G-G-G!
N-N-N-G-G!
THEN, AS THE SHRILL RINGING CEASES.....
SI, THIS IS VELASQUESA. WHO? WHAT IS IT THAT YOU.... A BRACELET? SI, SI, SENORA, I AM ***VERY MUCH*** INTERESTED! CONTINUE, IF YOU PLEASE!


OH, OH! THE BRACELET! I'LL LISTEN IN ON THIS CALL! THERE'S AN EXTENSION AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!
BUT OF COURSE, THE CASA DE LUTRIO-402-MRS. JANE RUTGERS! IF IT IS WHAT I SEEK, SENORA, I SHALL PAY WELL! MUCHAS GRACIAS, SENORA RUTGERS!
MRS. RUTGERS, EH? WHAT A LAUGH! I'D BET A MINK COAT SHE'S MY DARLING SISTER MARY VARNHAM. I'VE HEARD HER DO THAT DISGUISED VOICE BEFORE! ONLY I KNOW HOW WELL SHE DOES IT!
I'LL GET THERE AHEAD OF VELASQUESA, AND.....
OH!
SO! YOU HERE! YOU'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING ON MY CONVERSATION. AND NO DOUBT YOU PLAN TO GO OVER TO MRS. RUTGERS FOR THE MICROFILM! BUT A BULLET WILL STOP YOU! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH TREACHERY!
SUDDENLY, ACTION!
BUT I WILL NOT BE STOPPED!


AND BACK IN THE MINE....
DUG OUT AT LAST! WE'LL HEAD BACK THE WAY WE....WE...
TED, YOU'RE HURT! YOU'RE STUMBLING! LET ME HELP!
I'M TIRED, I GUESS! I WAS TOO KEYED UP TO REALIZE BEFORE. NO FOOD SINCE THEY TOOK ME PRISONER!
YOU NEED PROPER MEDICAL SERVICES! JUST AS SOON AS WE-OH, THERE'S THE SHAFT! THAT WILL GET US UP AND OUT!
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER....
BANNING'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF. I'M GLAD HE'S SAFE! BUT REX STILL HAS THAT NAZI EXPOSE LIST! AND THE MICROFILM FORMULA'S AT LARGE! MY ONLY BET IS VELASQUESA! REX MAY HAVE CONTACTED HIM ALREADY!
VELASQUESA? WHAT HELP CAN HE BE!
MOTIONLESS, LIFELESS, WHILE ELISE WINTERS HASTENS TO THE CASA DE LUTRIO TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE MICROFILM!
FOLLOW THE DARING MISS AMERICA IN THE NEXT POWER-PACKED EPISODE OF THIS THRILLING ADVENTURE, IN MARVEL COMICS NO. 84!

FOUR ALARM FIRE

EVER since Dill had been a small child, he had insisted that some day he would be a fireman. Now, that realization had come true. Dill had just received word from the city's Fire Department that he had passed their rigid examination. Tomorrow, he was to report to the Aerial Ladder Company, where he would be assigned as a rear driver on the huge ladder truck.

During breakfast that morning, fire chief Kimball admitted begrudgingly to his wife Molly that their son had passed his exam and was now on the Department's payroll.

"But, Molly!" exclaimed the chief to his wife. "The boy will make me the laughing stock of the entire Fire Department. You know he has no stomach for smoke; just the smallest whiff and the boy becomes sick. Can you imagine what will happen when the boy finds himself completely surrounded by smoke?"

Chief Kimball hesitated for a moment.

"I must ask him to resign," he continued. "As a Fire Chief responsible for the welfare of his men and as a fatherly duty, I must ask Dill to forward his resignation to the Department!"

Mrs. Kimball looked across the breakfast table at her husband's bowed head. Leaning forward, she gently patted her husband's arm.

"I understand your feelings, dear, but it is only right that we let our boy have his chance. I don't suppose you remember those years back, when everyone laughed to hear you had joined the Department? Smoke bothered *you* then, but now look . . . here you are the head of all the Fire Departments in the City. Can't you see why we must give our boy a chance?" Molly pleaded.

Slowly the Chief raised his head, his blue eyes looking squarely at his wife. For one fleet- moment their eyes met and held, each seeking for understanding. Then slowly the Chief's eyes wavered and fell.

"All right," came Kimball's reply. "Dill can have . . . just *one* chance."

Dill stood dumbfounded at the top of the stairs. His ears were ringing with the words his mother and father had just spoken. A bolt of lightning from the heavens would have effected him less. Dazed by this verbal blow, Dill dashed madly down the stairs and out of the house.

. . . A low impressive silence came over the fire-house as Dill entered. The men had all heard the rumor that the Chief was giving the boy just one chance to prove his worth; their hearts went out to this likeable red-headed youngster.

Slowly Dill walked to his locker, his mind completely absorbed with the words his father had mentioned. So engrossed was his mind in the matter, that he did not realize the fire alarm was ringing, 'til his mind, trained in the firemen's way, mechanically picked it up.

One, two, rang the alarm; then one, two, three, four rang the shrill tones of the bell. Suddenly, the importance of the alarms struck Dill. A FOUR ALARM FIRE! Men all about him began climbing into their rubber boots, grabbing their steel helmets and rushing from the room, when suddenly the bells began clanging with an intensity that made every man's blood leap with excitement.

"All right, men, shake a leg now," cried Thompson the driver. "It's a four alarm fire, the tenement section down by the East River; it's blazing like mad!"

Dill's young body responded to the excitement that the alarm had caused. His heart was pounding madly as he grasped the pole and slid to the ground floor. With one jump he leaped to the rear drive of the aerial truck. Seizing the huge horizontal whe naled Thompson he was ready. With a shattering roar, the powerful engine came to life. Its powerful siren screaming, the fire-wagon leaped from the garage, and the race to save lives was on.

Dill's huge fingers grasped the rear wheel firmly, every nerve of his body alert, tense and understanding, for one miscalculation on the rounding of a corner or passing a vehicle and disaster would follow. Traffic came to a sudden standstill as the huge fire-truck dashed madly down the crowded thoroughfares. The ominous wail of its siren screeched menacingly into the ears of all and sundry . . . to take care, clear the way, life and death were having a race!

Skillfully, Dill manipulated the big rear wheel, deftly avoiding death by inches as they roared swiftly through the city. At last the fire-truck rounded the River St. corner to come upon the blazing tenement houses.

Dill's young fire-wise eyes swept the scene. Directly in front of him could be seen the huge burning dwellings, while the entire area surrounding the block was covered with every available bit of apparatus in the city. There, in the center of all the excitement, stood Chief Kimball's white-coated car, and the Chief himself could be plainly seen talking through the microphone. In this manner did the Chief direct his men in the most disastrous fire that had ever swept the city.

A hurried call was made for the aerial truck. His father's voice came booming out of the speaker.

"Get that aerial truck to the south section before those people burn to death!"

All eyes were fixed intently on the red truck. The surging throng, noting the emergency and dangerous job it required, cheered the men on and pleaded with them to hurry. With catlike movements Dill paced the big ladder back and signaled Thompson that now the ladder was in position. No sooner was the pressure exerted from the powerful engines than the ladder slowly began to rise in the air.

Instantly Dill started racing up the ladder, his team-mates right behind him. The huge ladder swung the valiant crew right in the midst of the devilish gray clouded smoke. Steadily the men raced upward, while the ladder trembled under their combined weight.

"Save me! Save me!" came the frantic pleadings of those imprisoned in the fiery deathtrap.

Suddenly, thick smoke mushroomed out from the third floor, enveloping all on the ladder. The black smoke gurgled in Dill's mouth; his ears were ringing like a church bell. Oh, how he hated smoke! Now he felt light and dizzy; he could barely breathe. It was becoming hot, suffocatingly hot! He could stand it no longer. The smoke had won; he *must* go down! But suddenly he realized that he would *not* go down. For, as Dill reached the top of the ladder, the figure of a little boy came rushing to the window. Expertly Dill grabbed him and handed him down the ladder. One after the other, he helped the imprisoned to escape, until finally all had been rescued. Forgotten had been the smoke and the terrible ultimatum his father had delivered!

It was now becoming very hot, as the searing flames, cheated of their prey, sent their red-coated tongues to torture the men who had rescued their victims. The heat was terrific; Dill could hear his team-mates yelling for him to come down. But Dill would not budge. Through the smoke-embellished walls, he had heard a woman's scream.

His breath was coming in short, wheezy gasps; his heart pounded like mad. Desperately, he clung to the ladder. And suddenly, a laugh gurgled abruptly in his throat, for he was no longer sick or afraid! He entered the room and lifted the inert form of a woman who had been overcome by smoke. Dill carried her down the ladder. The crowd cheered wildly and broke through the police cordon to surround the gallant boy. Then Dill fainted!

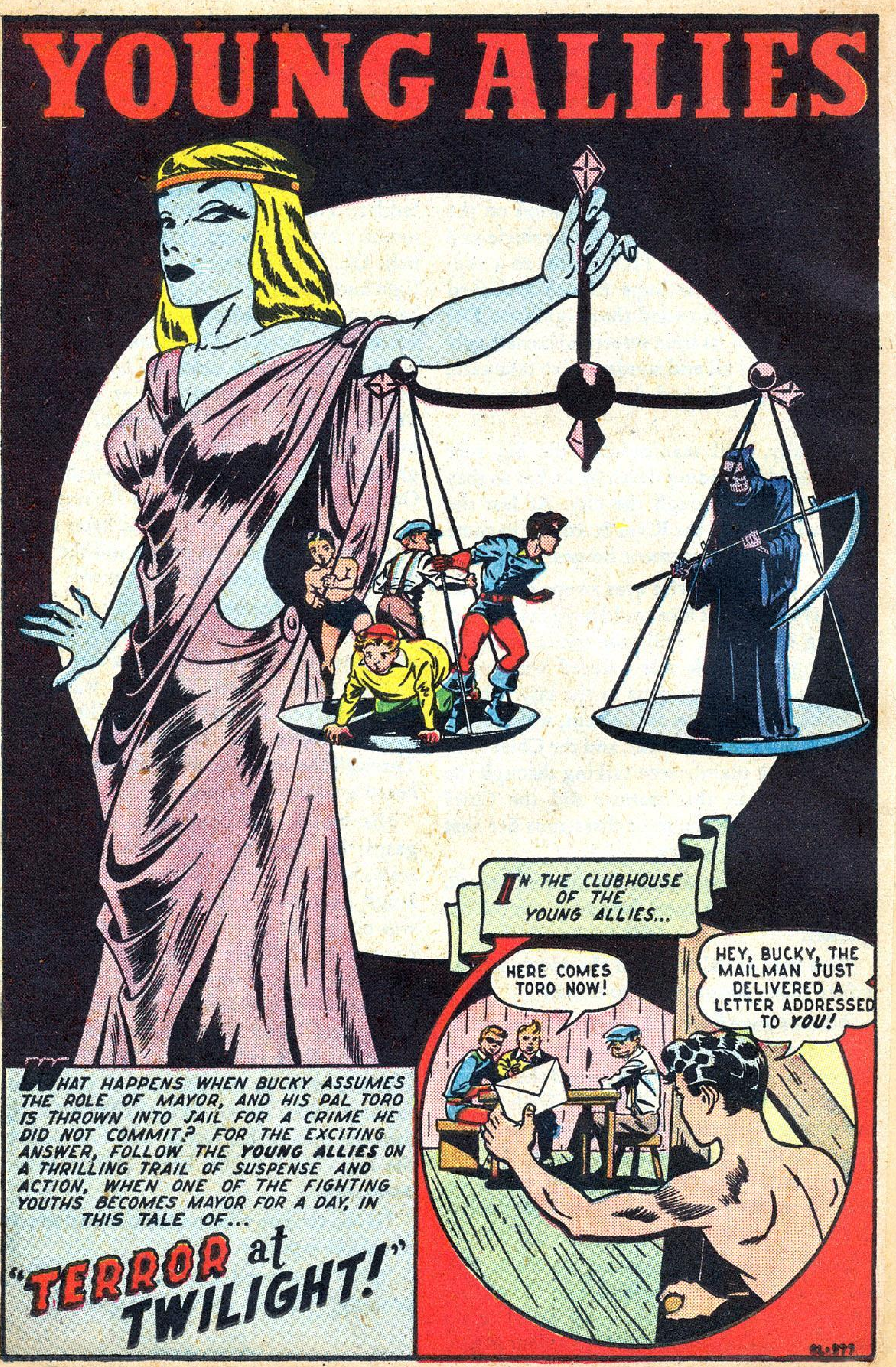
Dill awoke to the flashing of the photographers' bulbs. Slowly he looked around, right into the eyes of his father who had pillowed the boy's head on his knee. Dill managed a weak smile.

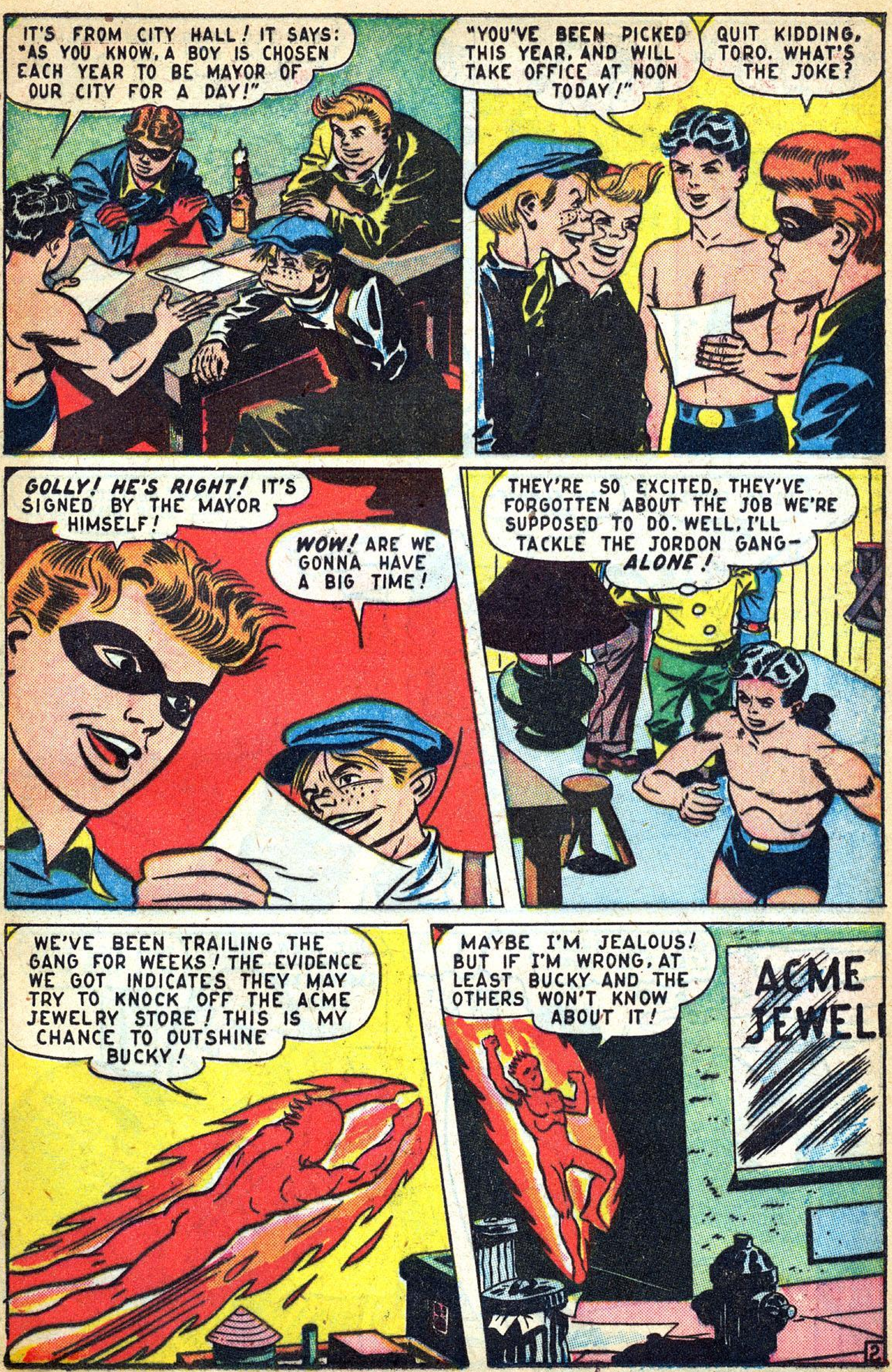
"Is *this* the boy who could not stand smoke?" asked one reporter.

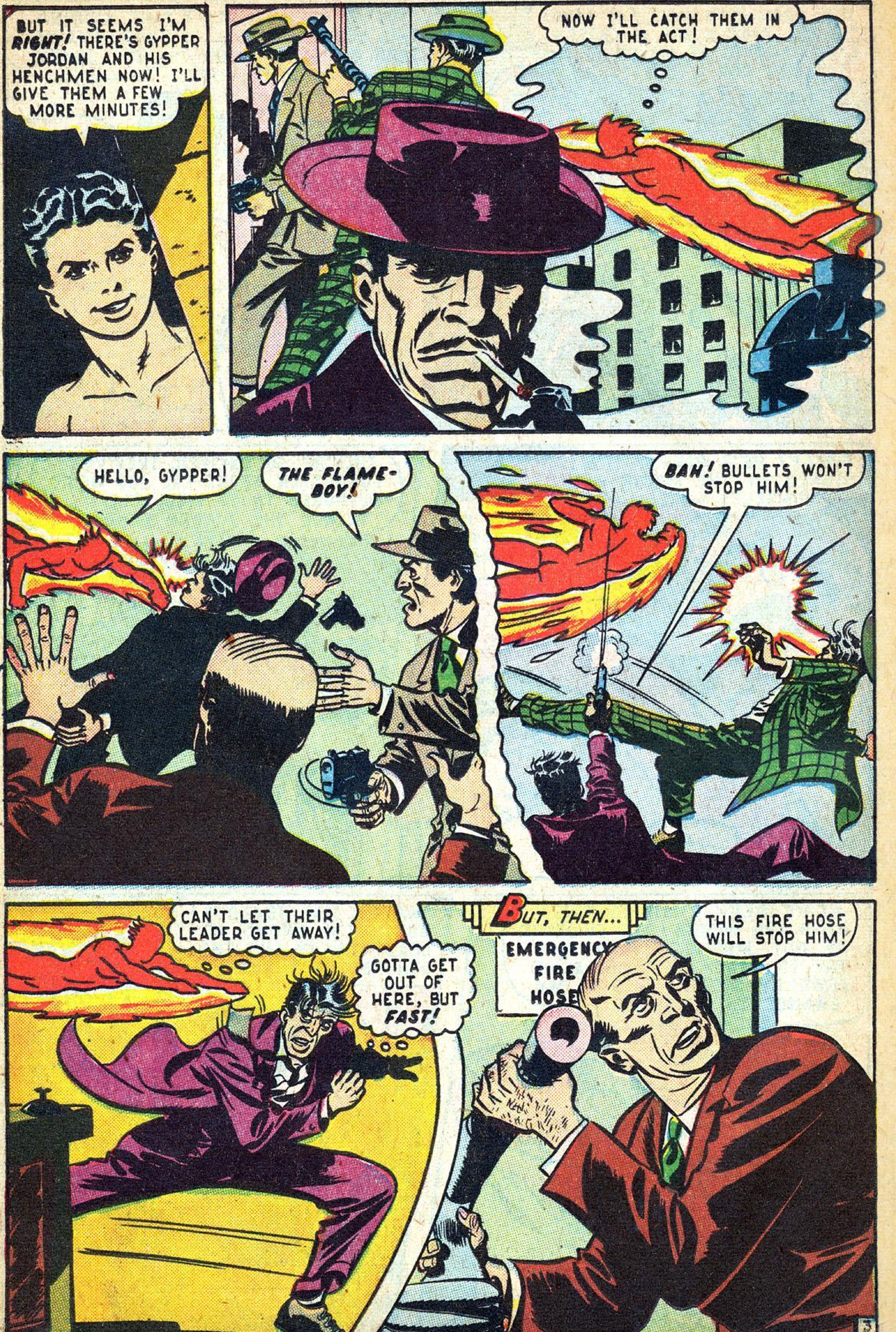
"No!" answered Dill's father slowly but proudly. "This is the boy who *eats* smoke!"

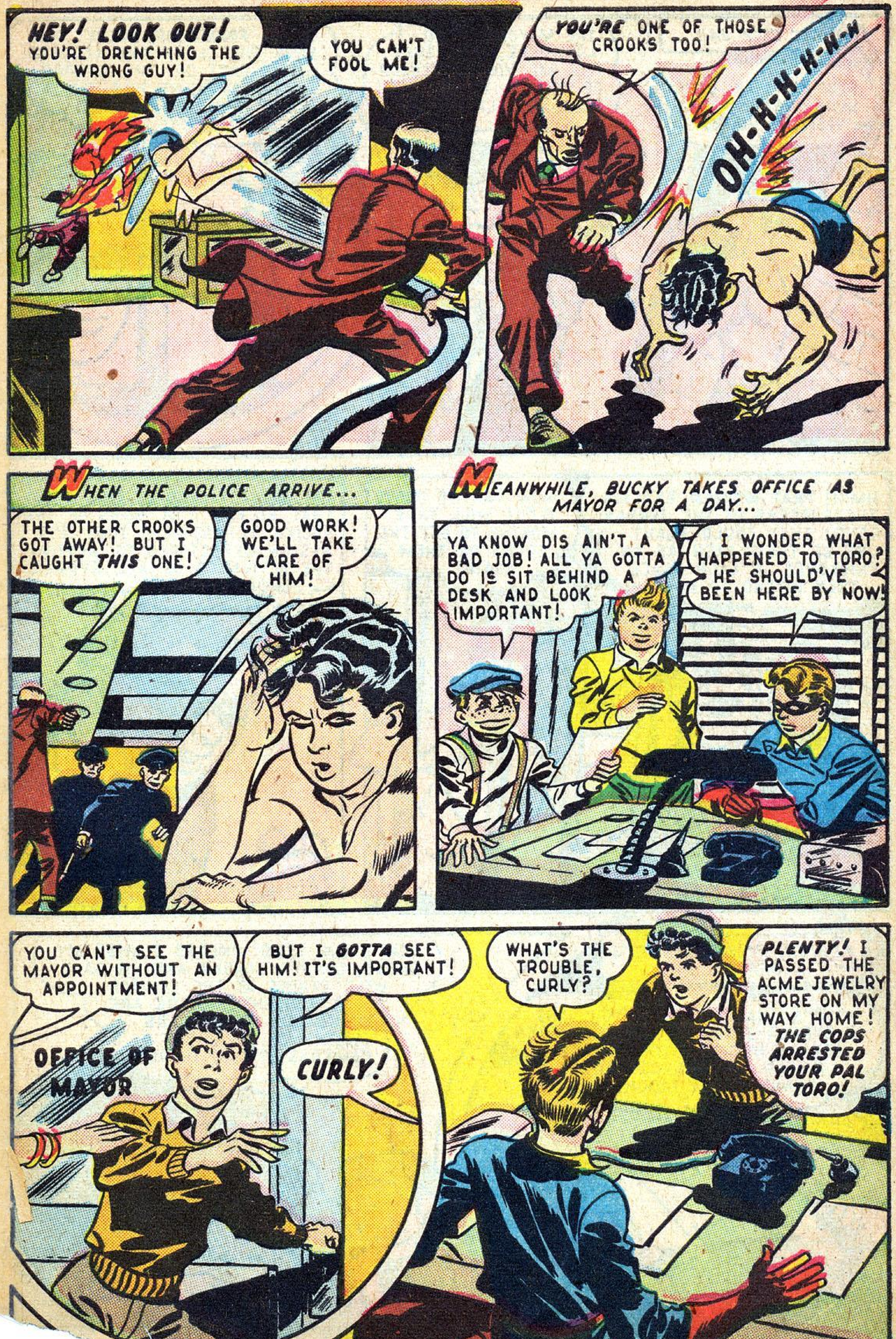
F-23

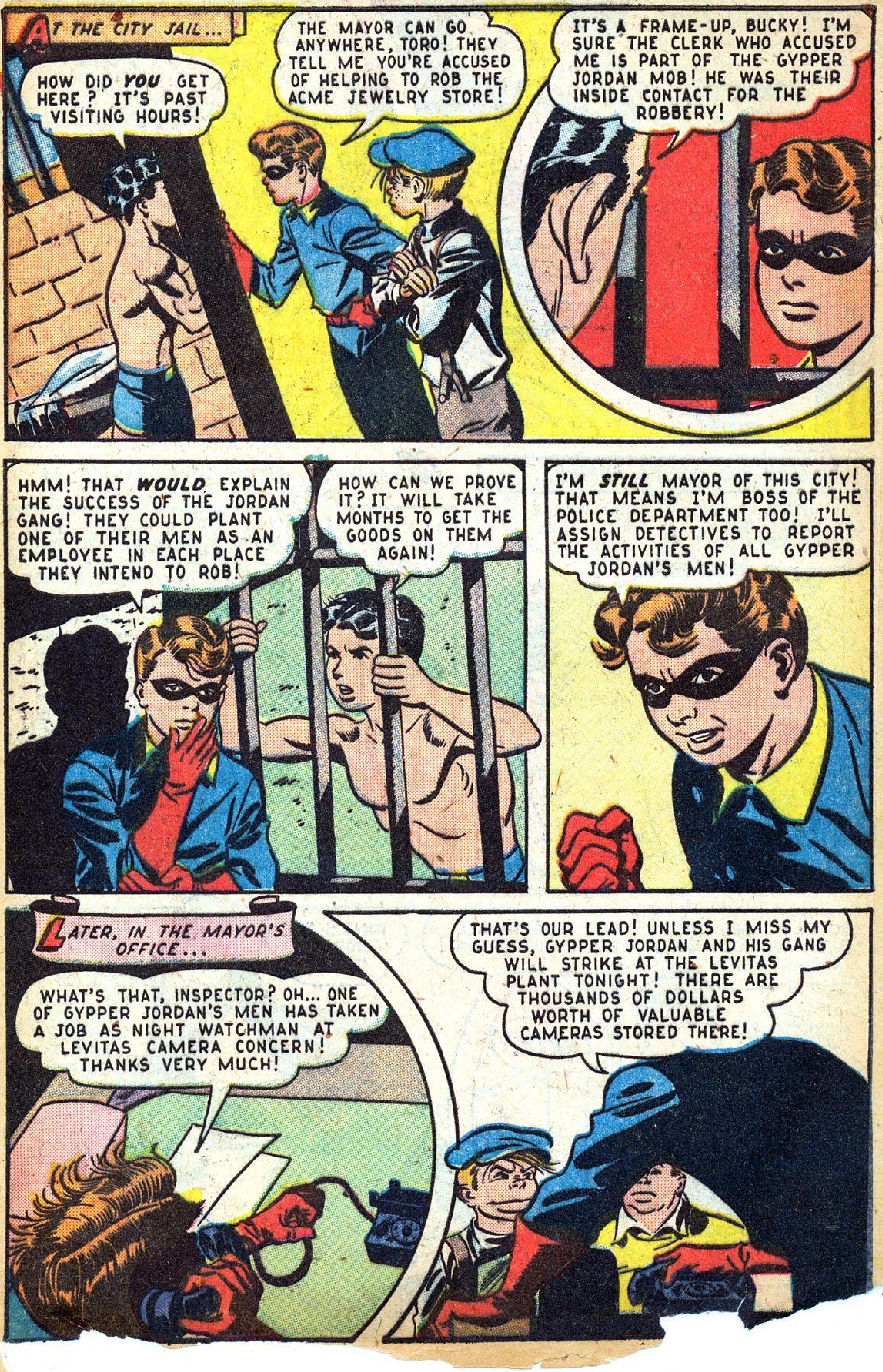
THE END

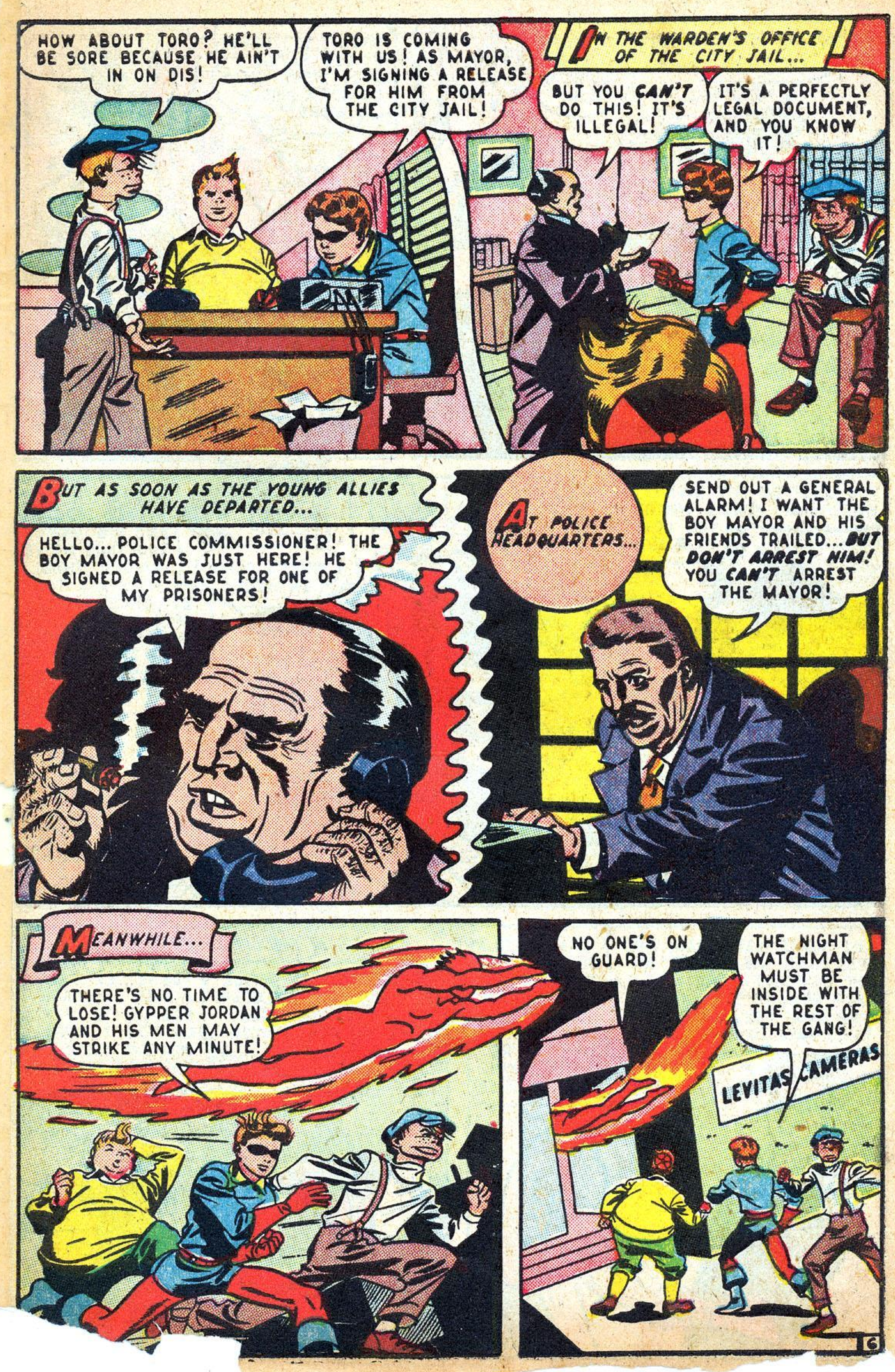

YOUNG ALLIES
IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES...
HERE COMES TORO NOW!
HEY, BUCKY, THE MAILMAN JUST DELIVERED A LETTER ADDRESSED TO *YOU!*
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BUCKY ASSUMES THE ROLE OF MAYOR, AND HIS PAL TORO IS THROWN INTO JAIL FOR A CRIME HE DID NOT COMMIT? FOR THE EXCITING ANSWER, FOLLOW THE **YOUNG ALLIES** ON A THRILLING TRAIL OF SUSPENSE AND ACTION, WHEN ONE OF THE FIGHTING YOUTHS BECOMES MAYOR FOR A DAY, IN THIS TALE OF...
"TERROR at TWILIGHT!"

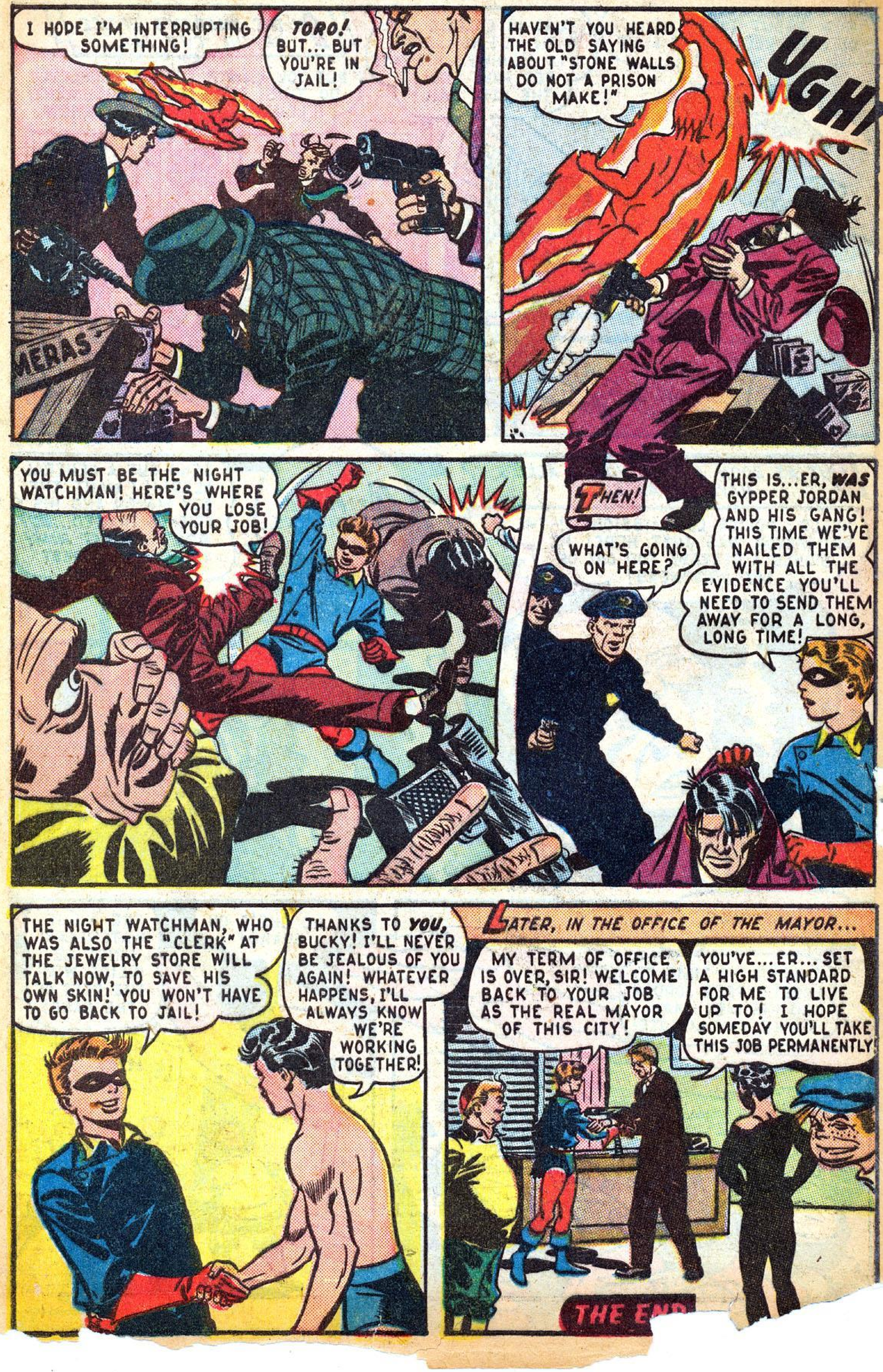

IT'S FROM CITY HALL! IT SAYS: "AS YOU KNOW, A BOY IS CHOSEN EACH YEAR TO BE MAYOR OF OUR CITY FOR A DAY!"
"YOU'VE BEEN PICKED THIS YEAR, AND WILL TAKE OFFICE AT NOON TODAY!"
QUIT KIDDING, TORO. WHAT'S THE JOKE?
GOLLY! HE'S RIGHT! IT'S SIGNED BY THE MAYOR HIMSELF!
WOW! ARE WE GONNA HAVE A BIG TIME!
THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE JOB WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO. WELL, I'LL TACKLE THE JORDON GANG— ALONE!
WE'VE BEEN TRAILING THE GANG FOR WEEKS! THE EVIDENCE WE GOT INDICATES THEY MAY TRY TO KNOCK OFF THE ACME JEWELRY STORE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO OUTSHINE BUCKY!
MAYBE I'M JEALOUS! BUT IF I'M WRONG, AT LEAST BUCKY AND THE OTHERS WON'T KNOW ABOUT IT!
ACME JEWEL

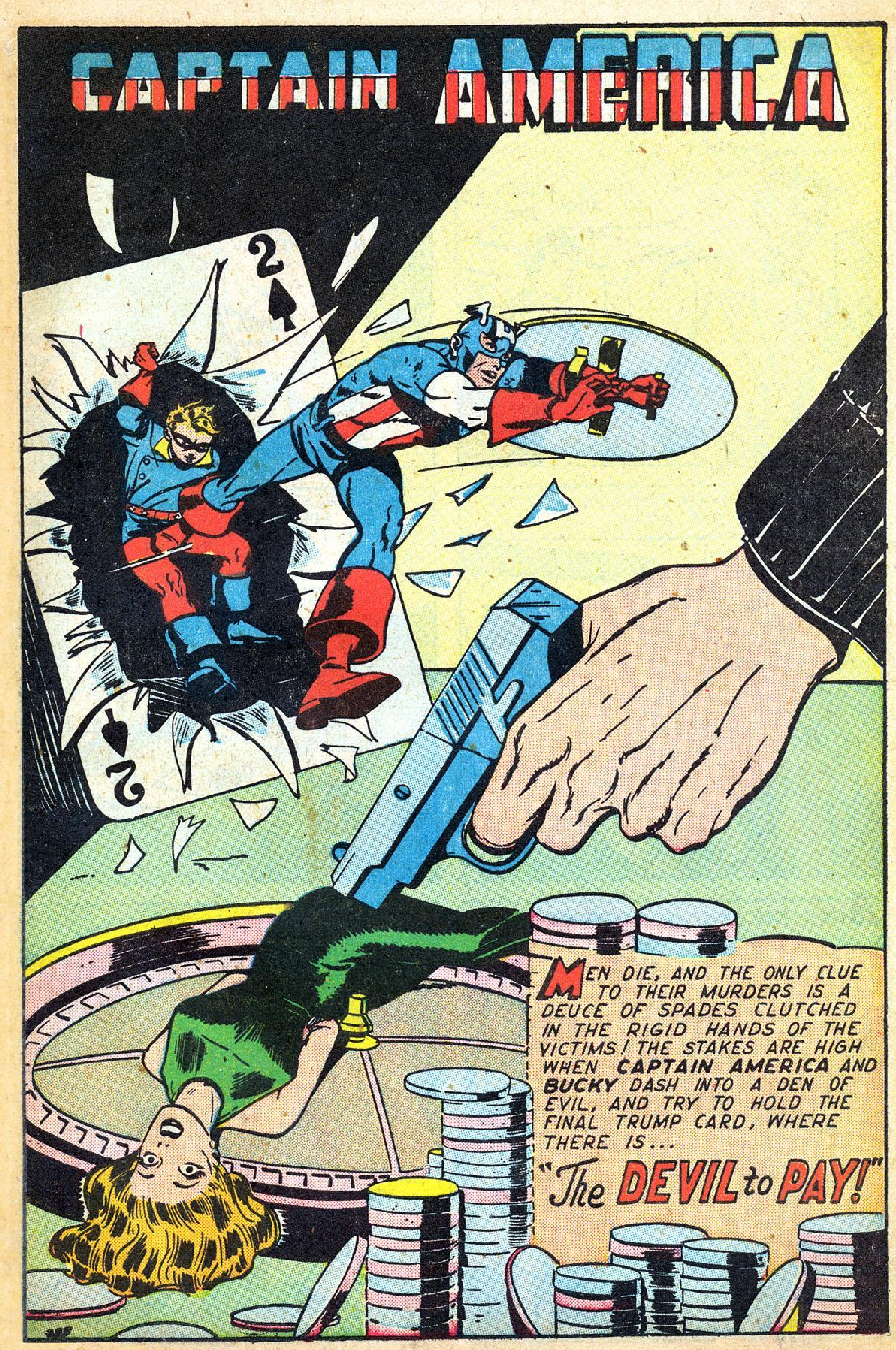

BUT IT SEEMS I'M RIGHT! THERE'S GYPPER JORDAN AND HIS HENCHMEN NOW! I'LL GIVE THEM A FEW MORE MINUTES!
NOW I'LL CATCH THEM IN THE ACT!
HELLO, GYPPER!
THE FLAME-BOY!
BAH! BULLETS WON'T STOP HIM!
CAN'T LET THEIR LEADER GET AWAY!
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, BUT FAST!
BUT, THEN...
EMERGENCY FIRE HOSE
THIS FIRE HOSE WILL STOP HIM!

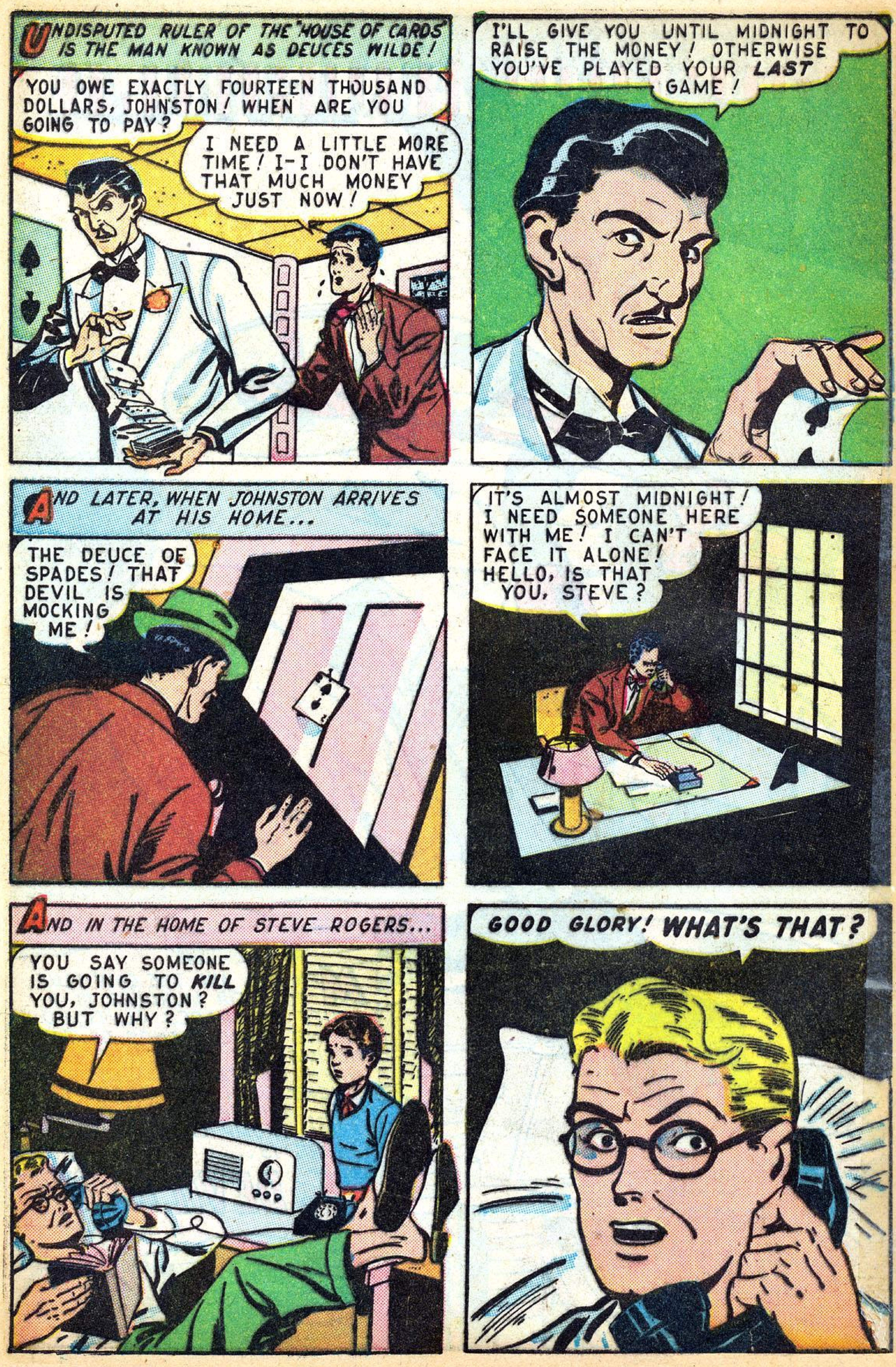

HEY! LOOK OUT! YOU'RE DRENCHING THE WRONG GUY!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE CROOKS TOO!
OH-H-H-H-H-H
WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...
THE OTHER CROOKS GOT AWAY! BUT I CAUGHT THIS ONE!
GOOD WORK! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY TAKES OFFICE AS MAYOR FOR A DAY...
YA KNOW DIS AIN'T A BAD JOB! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SIT BEHIND A DESK AND LOOK IMPORTANT!
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO TORO? HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW!
YOU CAN'T SEE THE MAYOR WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT!
BUT I GOTTA SEE HIM! IT'S IMPORTANT!
OFFICE OF MAYOR
CURLY!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CURLY?
PLENTY! I PASSED THE ACME JEWELRY STORE ON MY WAY HOME! THE COPS ARRESTED YOUR PAL TORO!

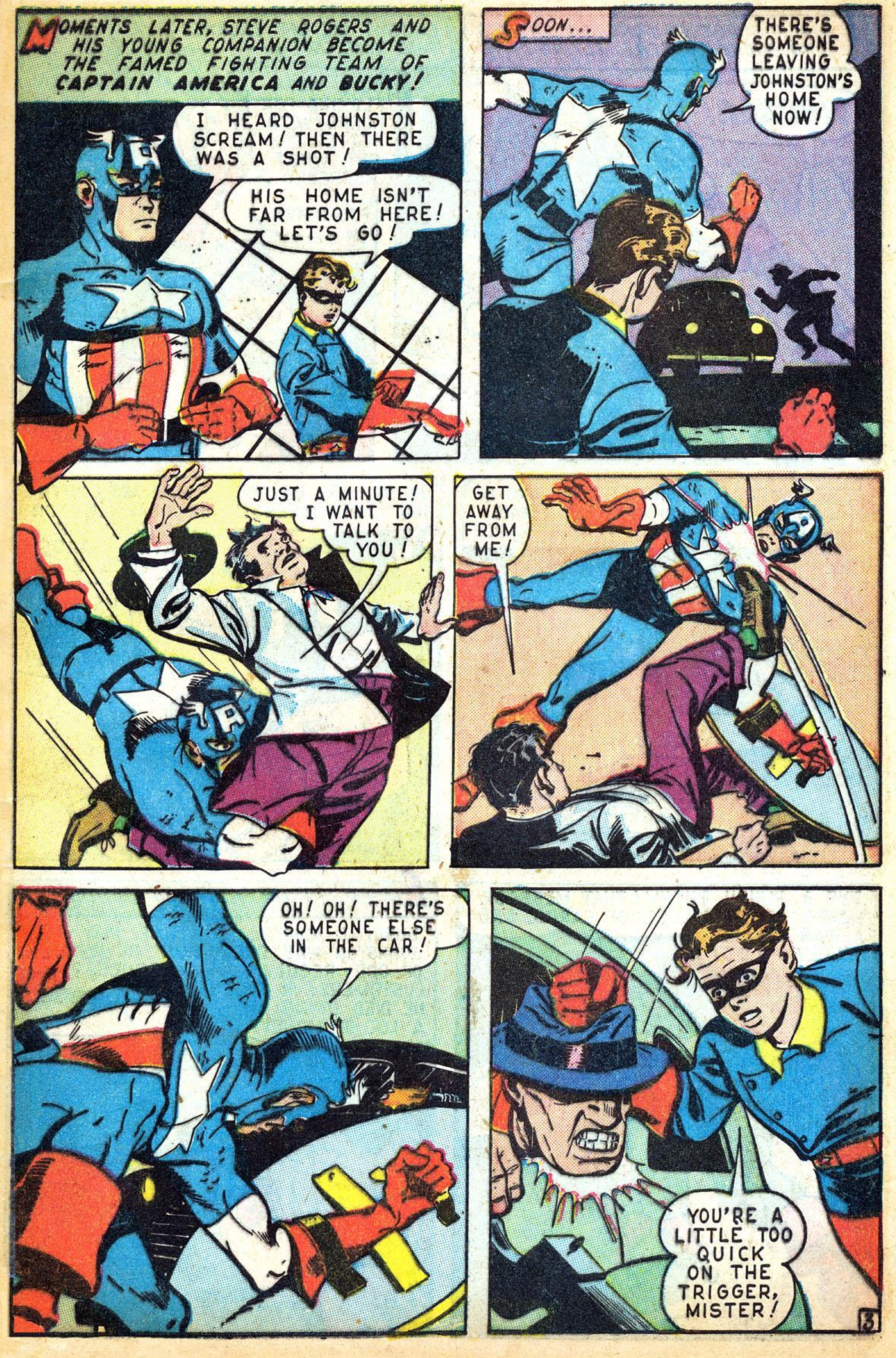

AT THE CITY JAIL...
HOW DID *YOU* GET HERE? IT'S PAST VISITING HOURS!
THE MAYOR CAN GO ANYWHERE, TORO! THEY TELL ME YOU'RE ACCUSED OF HELPING TO ROB THE ACME JEWELRY STORE!
IT'S A FRAME-UP, BUCKY! I'M SURE THE CLERK WHO ACCUSED ME IS PART OF THE GYPPER JORDAN MOB! HE WAS THEIR INSIDE CONTACT FOR THE ROBBERY!
HMM! THAT *WOULD* EXPLAIN THE SUCCESS OF THE JORDAN GANG! THEY COULD PLANT ONE OF THEIR MEN AS AN EMPLOYEE IN EACH PLACE THEY INTEND TO ROB!
HOW CAN WE PROVE IT? IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO GET THE GOODS ON THEM AGAIN!
I'M *STILL* MAYOR OF THIS CITY! THAT MEANS I'M BOSS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT TOO! I'LL ASSIGN DETECTIVES TO REPORT THE ACTIVITIES OF ALL GYPPER JORDAN'S MEN!
LATER, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...
WHAT'S THAT, INSPECTOR? OH... ONE OF GYPPER JORDAN'S MEN HAS TAKEN A JOB AS NIGHT WATCHMAN AT LEVITAS CAMERA CONCERN! THANKS VERY MUCH!
THAT'S OUR LEAD! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, GYPPER JORDAN AND HIS GANG WILL STRIKE AT THE LEVITAS PLANT TONIGHT! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF VALUABLE CAMERAS STORED THERE!

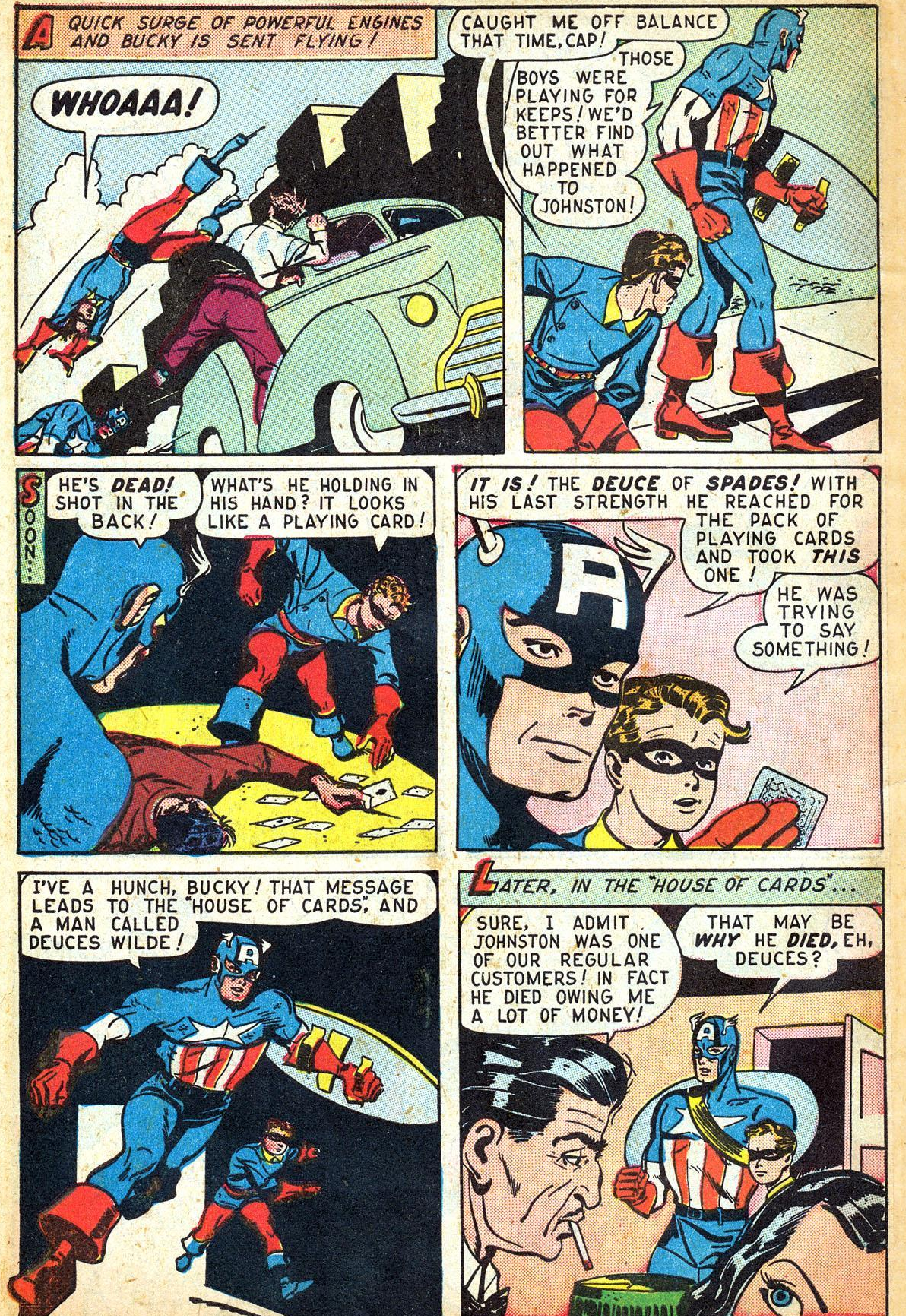

HOW ABOUT TORO? HE'LL BE SORE BECAUSE HE AIN'T IN ON DIS!
TORO IS COMING WITH US! AS MAYOR, I'M SIGNING A RELEASE FOR HIM FROM THE CITY JAIL!
IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE CITY JAIL...
BUT YOU *CAN'T* DO THIS! IT'S ILLEGAL!
IT'S A PERFECTLY LEGAL DOCUMENT, AND YOU KNOW IT!
BUT AS SOON AS THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE DEPARTED...
HELLO... POLICE COMMISSIONER! THE BOY MAYOR WAS JUST HERE! HE SIGNED A RELEASE FOR ONE OF MY PRISONERS!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM! I WANT THE BOY MAYOR AND HIS FRIENDS TRAILED... *BUT DON'T ARREST NIM!* YOU *CAN'T* ARREST THE MAYOR!
MEANWHILE...
THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! GYPPER JORDAN AND HIS MEN MAY STRIKE ANY MINUTE!
NO ONE'S ON GUARD!
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MUST BE INSIDE WITH THE REST OF THE GANG!
LEVITAS CAMERAS

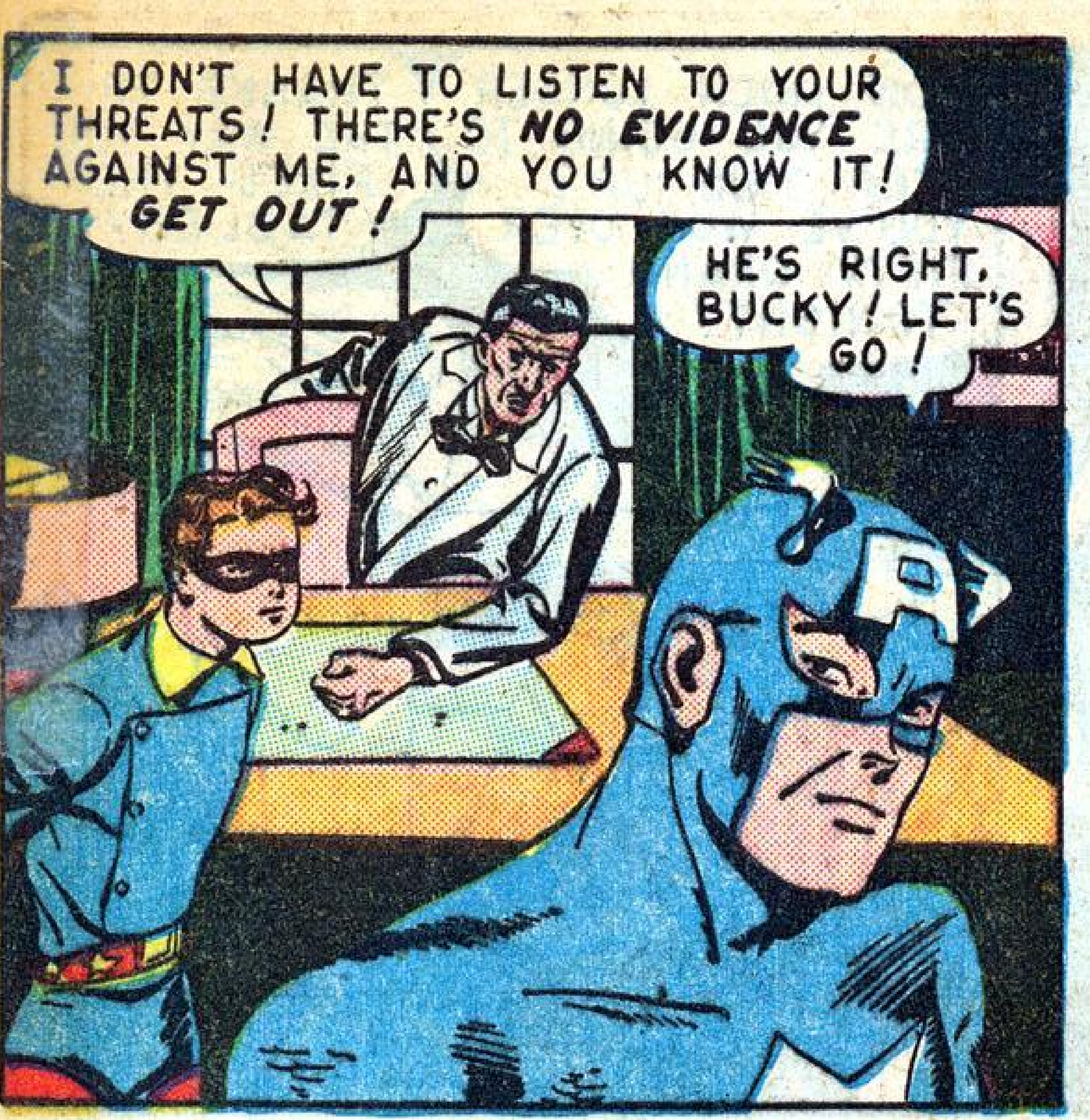

I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!
TORO! BUT... BUT YOU'RE IN JAIL!
MERAS
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE OLD SAYING ABOUT "STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE!"
UGH!
YOU MUST BE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! HERE'S WHERE YOU LOSE YOUR JOB!
THEN!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THIS IS...ER, *WAS* GYPPER JORDAN AND HIS GANG! THIS TIME WE'VE NAILED THEM WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU'LL NEED TO SEND THEM AWAY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, WHO WAS ALSO THE "CLERK" AT THE JEWELRY STORE WILL TALK NOW, TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN! YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO JAIL!
THANKS TO *YOU*, BUCKY! I'LL NEVER BE JEALOUS OF YOU AGAIN! WHATEVER HAPPENS, I'LL ALWAYS KNOW WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER!
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR...
MY TERM OF OFFICE IS OVER, SIR! WELCOME BACK TO YOUR JOB AS THE REAL MAYOR OF THIS CITY!
YOU'VE...ER... SET A HIGH STANDARD FOR ME TO LIVE UP TO! I HOPE SOMEDAY YOU'LL TAKE THIS JOB PERMANENTLY!
THE EN

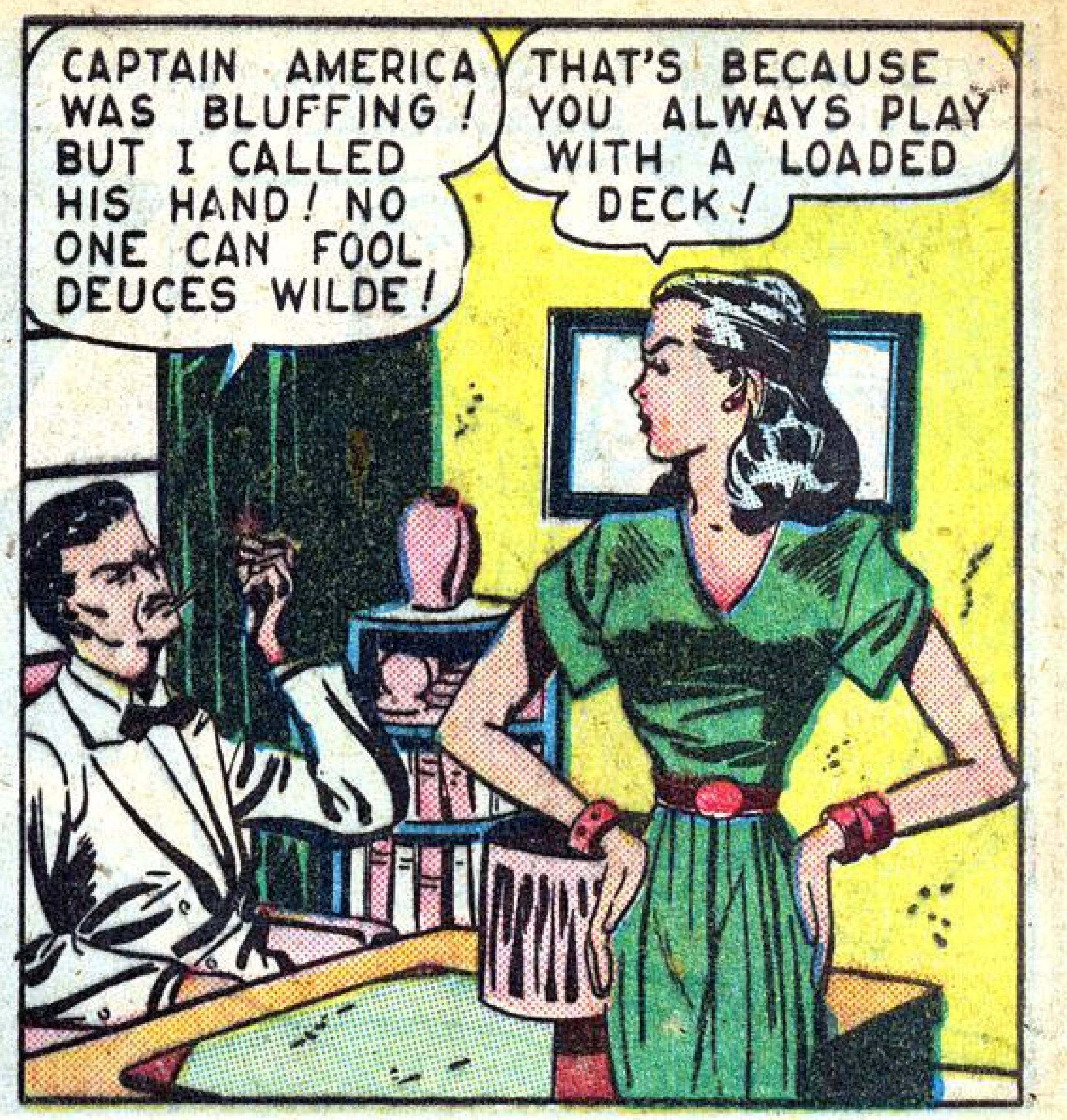

CAPTAIN AMERICA
MEN DIE, AND THE ONLY CLUE TO THEIR MURDERS IS A DEUCE OF SPADES CLUTCHED IN THE RIGID HANDS OF THE VICTIMS! THE STAKES ARE HIGH WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASH INTO A DEN OF EVIL, AND TRY TO HOLD THE FINAL TRUMP CARD, WHERE THERE IS...
"The DEVIL to PAY!"

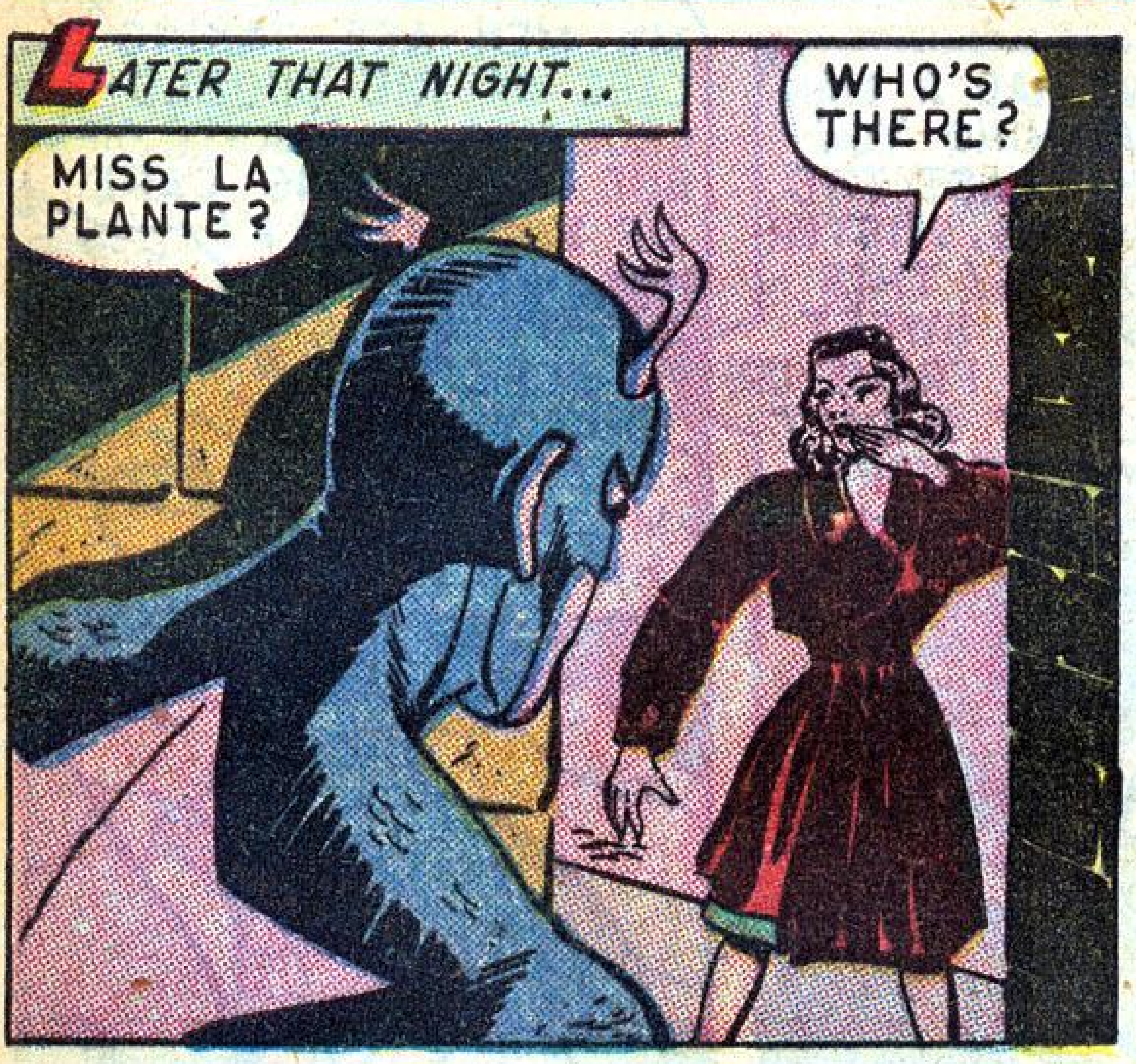

UNDISPUTED RULER OF THE "HOUSE OF CARDS" IS THE MAN KNOWN AS DEUCES WILDE!
YOU OWE EXACTLY FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, JOHNSTON! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY?
I NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME! I-I DON'T HAVE THAT MUCH MONEY JUST NOW!
I'LL GIVE YOU UNTIL MIDNIGHT TO RAISE THE MONEY! OTHERWISE YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST GAME!
AND LATER, WHEN JOHNSTON ARRIVES AT HIS HOME...
THE DEUCE OF SPADES! THAT DEVIL IS MOCKING ME!
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT! I NEED SOMEONE HERE WITH ME! I CAN'T FACE IT ALONE! HELLO, IS THAT YOU, STEVE?
AND IN THE HOME OF STEVE ROGERS...
YOU SAY SOMEONE IS GOING TO KILL YOU, JOHNSTON? BUT WHY?
GOOD GLORY! WHAT'S THAT?

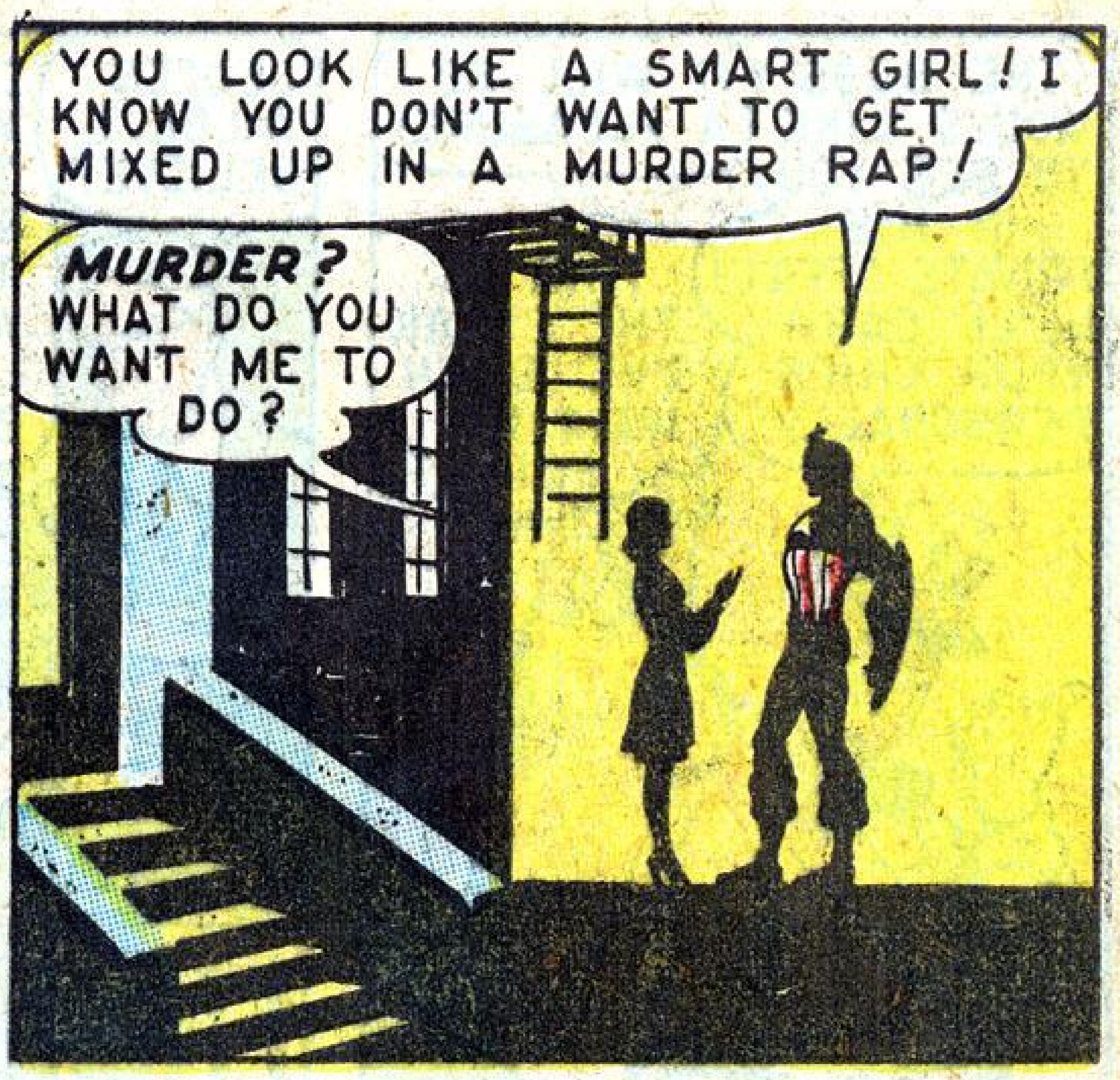

MOMENTS LATER, STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION BECOME THE FAMED FIGHTING TEAM OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!**
I HEARD JOHNSTON SCREAM! THEN THERE WAS A SHOT!
HIS HOME ISN'T FAR FROM HERE! LET'S GO!
SOON...
THERE'S SOMEONE LEAVING JOHNSTON'S HOME NOW!
JUST A MINUTE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
GET AWAY FROM ME!
OH! OH! THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE IN THE CAR!
YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO QUICK ON THE TRIGGER, MISTER!

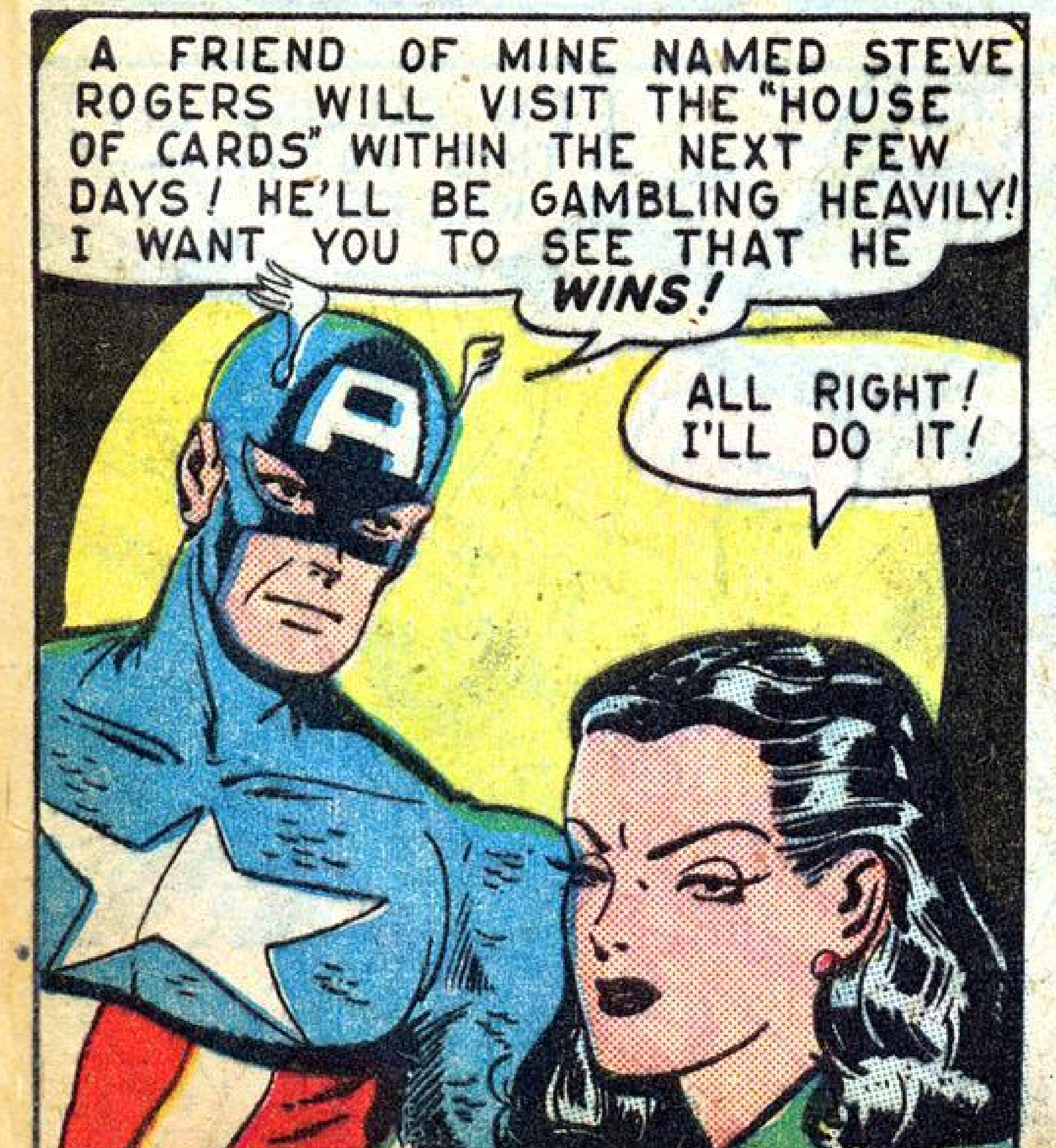

A QUICK SURGE OF POWERFUL ENGINES AND BUCKY IS SENT FLYING!
WHOAAA!
CAUGHT ME OFF BALANCE THAT TIME, CAP!
THOSE BOYS WERE PLAYING FOR KEEPS! WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHNSTON!
SOON...
HE'S DEAD! SHOT IN THE BACK!
WHAT'S HE HOLDING IN HIS HAND? IT LOOKS LIKE A PLAYING CARD!
IT IS! THE DEUCE OF SPADES! WITH HIS LAST STRENGTH HE REACHED FOR THE PACK OF PLAYING CARDS AND TOOK THIS ONE!
HE WAS TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!
I'VE A HUNCH, BUCKY! THAT MESSAGE LEADS TO THE "HOUSE OF CARDS", AND A MAN CALLED DEUCES WILDE!
LATER, IN THE "HOUSE OF CARDS"...
SURE, I ADMIT JOHNSTON WAS ONE OF OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS! IN FACT HE DIED OWING ME A LOT OF MONEY!
THAT MAY BE WHY HE DIED, EH, DEUCES?

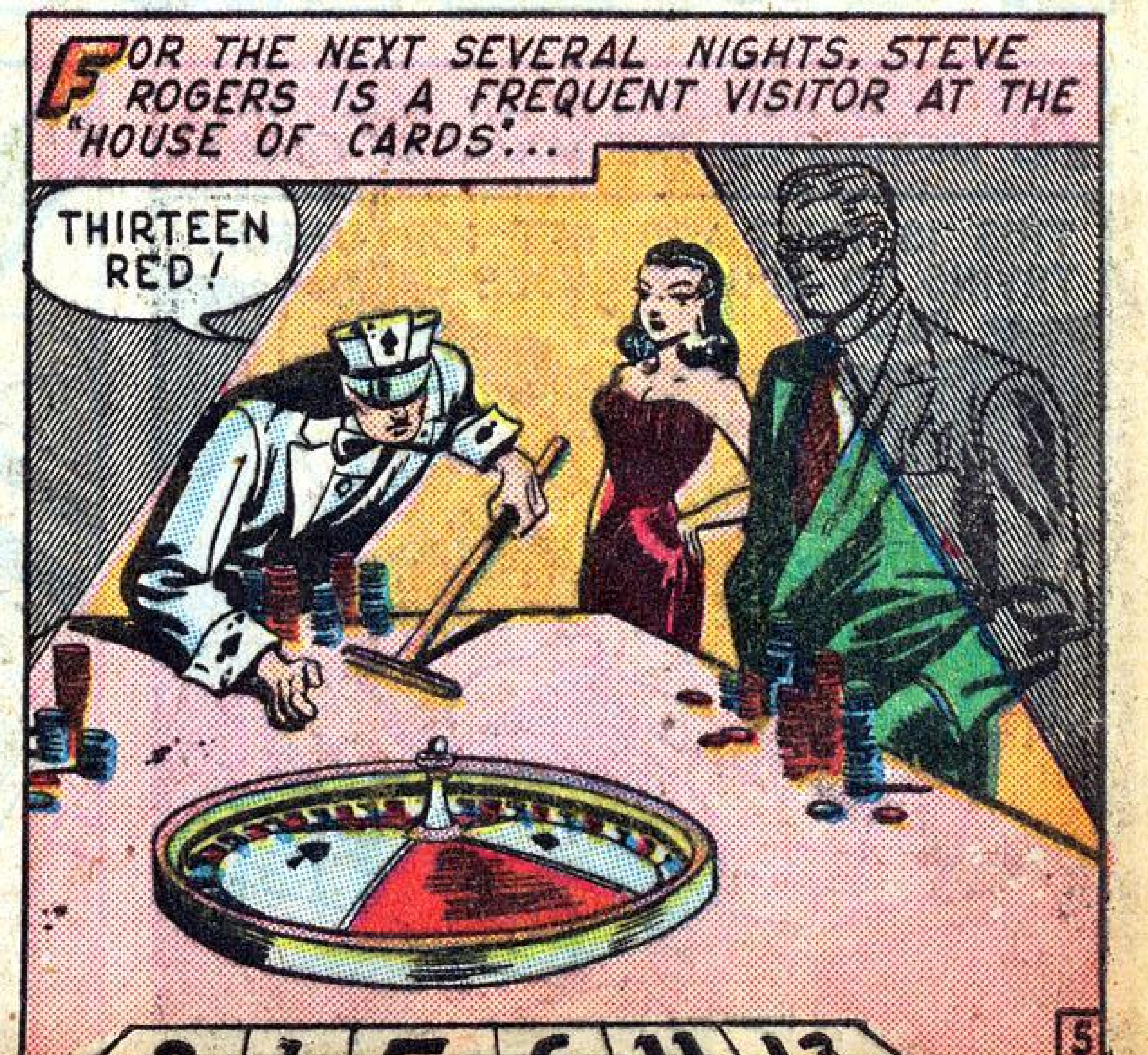

I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR THREATS! THERE'S **NO EVIDENCE** AGAINST ME, AND YOU KNOW IT! **GET OUT!**
HE'S RIGHT, BUCKY! LET'S GO!

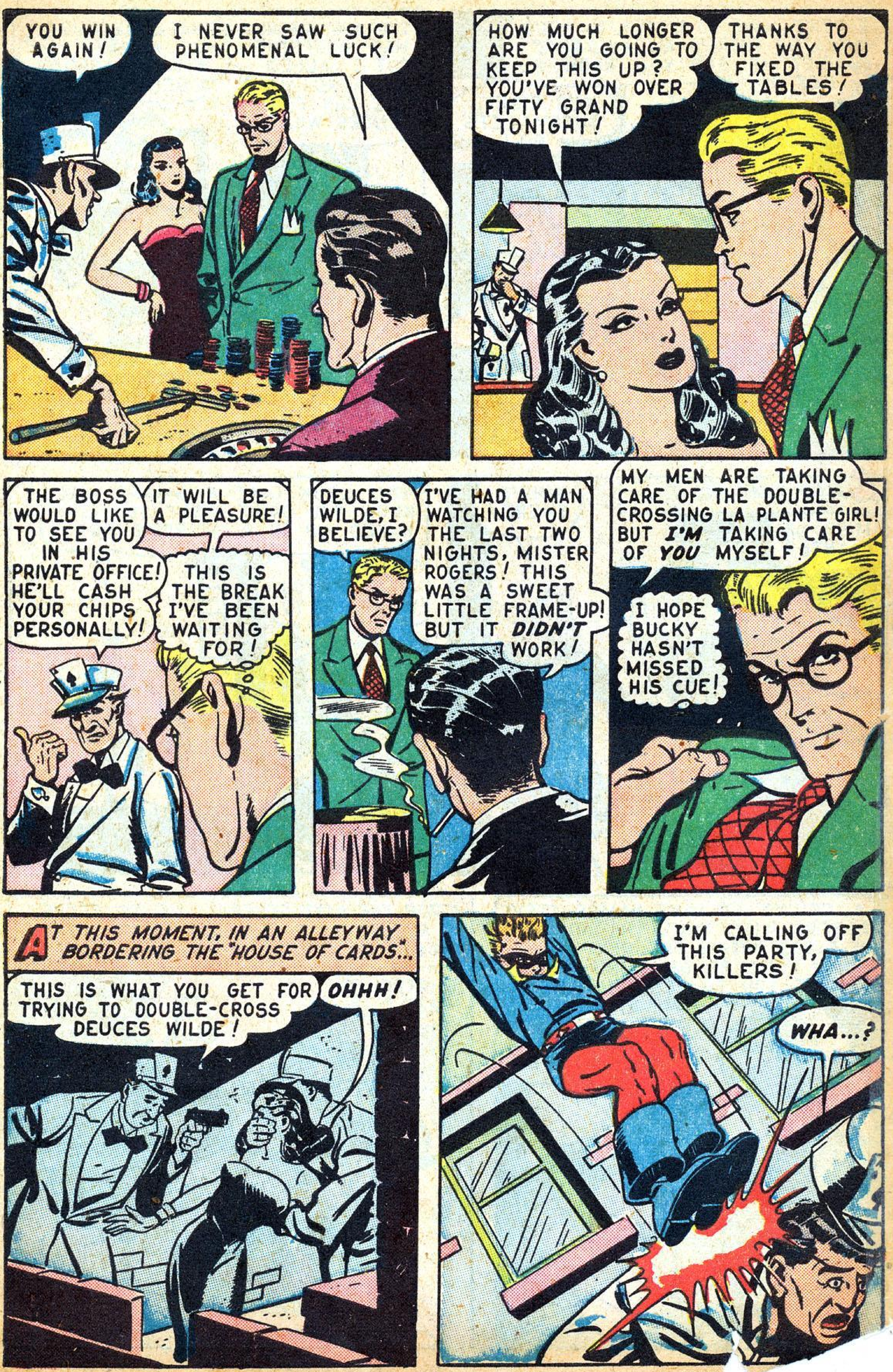

CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS BLUFFING! BUT I CALLED HIS HAND! NO ONE CAN FOOL DEUCES WILDE!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS PLAY WITH A LOADED DECK!

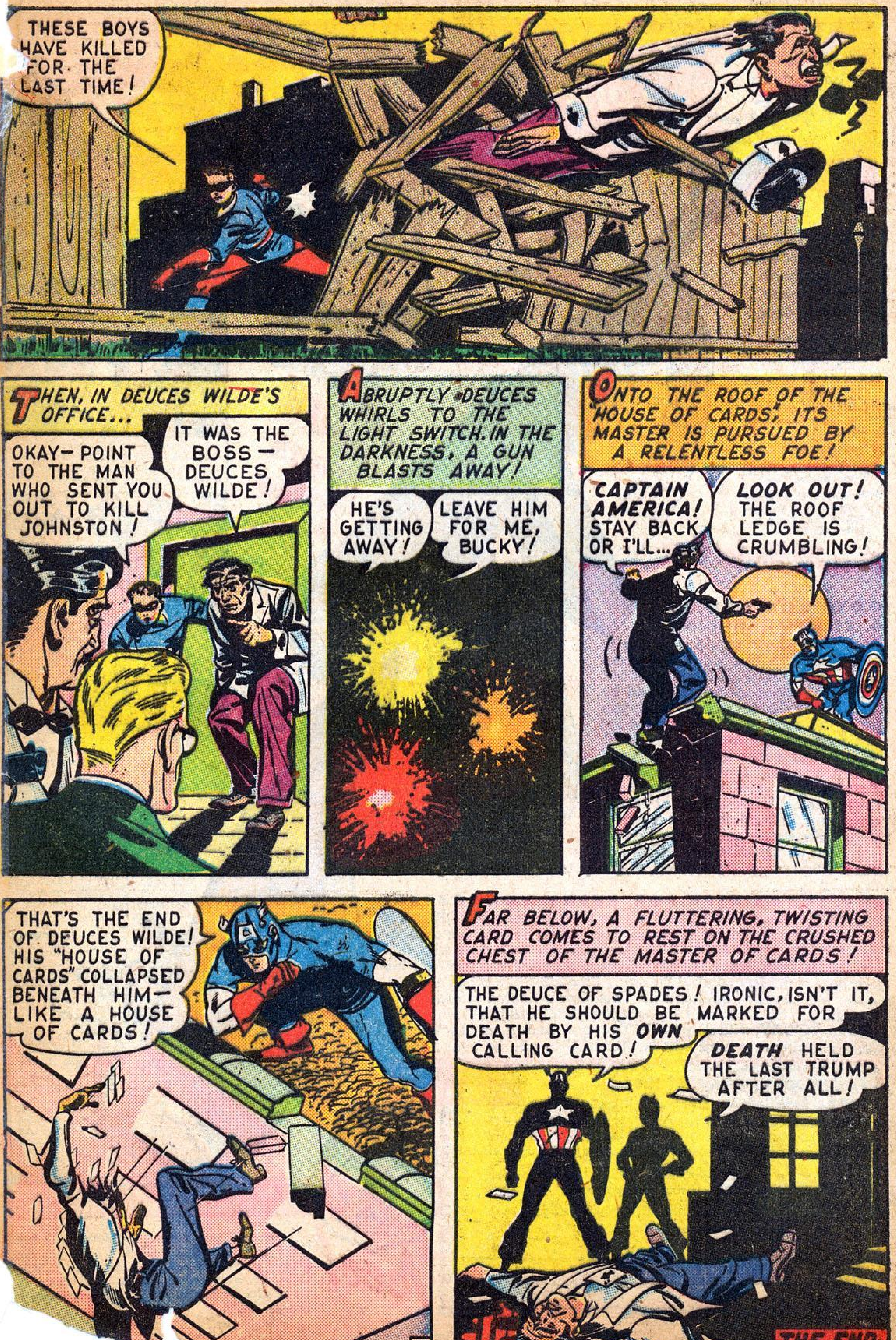

LATER THAT NIGHT...
MISS LA PLANTE?
WHO'S THERE?


YOU LOOK LIKE A SMART GIRL! I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP IN A MURDER RAP!
MURDER? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?


A FRIEND OF MINE NAMED STEVE ROGERS WILL VISIT THE "HOUSE OF CARDS" WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS! HE'LL BE GAMBLING HEAVILY! I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT HE **WINS!**
ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT!


FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL NIGHTS, STEVE ROGERS IS A FREQUENT VISITOR AT THE "HOUSE OF CARDS"...
THIRTEEN RED!


YOU WIN AGAIN!
I NEVER SAW SUCH PHENOMENAL LUCK!
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP THIS UP? YOU'VE WON OVER FIFTY GRAND TONIGHT!
THANKS TO THE WAY YOU FIXED THE TABLES!
THE BOSS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE! HE'LL CASH YOUR CHIPS PERSONALLY!
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!
THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
DEUCES WILDE, I BELIEVE?
I'VE HAD A MAN WATCHING YOU THE LAST TWO NIGHTS, MISTER ROGERS! THIS WAS A SWEET LITTLE FRAME-UP! BUT IT *DIDN'T* WORK!
MY MEN ARE TAKING CARE OF THE DOUBLE-CROSSING LA PLANTE GIRL! BUT *I'M* TAKING CARE OF *YOU* MYSELF!
I HOPE BUCKY HASN'T MISSED HIS CUE!
AT THIS MOMENT, IN AN ALLEYWAY BORDERING THE "HOUSE OF CARDS"...
THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS DEUCES WILDE!
OHHH!
I'M CALLING OFF THIS PARTY, KILLERS!
WHA...?


THESE BOYS HAVE KILLED FOR THE LAST TIME!
THEN, IN DEUCES WILDE'S OFFICE...
OKAY—POINT TO THE MAN WHO SENT YOU OUT TO KILL JOHNSTON!
IT WAS THE BOSS—DEUCES WILDE!
ABRUPTLY DEUCES WHIRLS TO THE LIGHT SWITCH. IN THE DARKNESS, A GUN BLASTS AWAY!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
LEAVE HIM FOR ME, BUCKY!
ONTO THE ROOF OF THE "HOUSE OF CARDS," ITS MASTER IS PURSUED BY A RELENTLESS FOE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! STAY BACK OR I'LL...
LOOK OUT! THE ROOF LEDGE IS CRUMBLING!
THAT'S THE END OF DEUCES WILDE! HIS "HOUSE OF CARDS" COLLAPSED BENEATH HIM—LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS!
FAR BELOW, A FLUTTERING, TWISTING CARD COMES TO REST ON THE CRUSHED CHEST OF THE MASTER OF CARDS!
THE DEUCE OF SPADES! IRONIC, ISN'T IT, THAT HE SHOULD BE MARKED FOR DEATH BY HIS OWN CALLING CARD!
DEATH HELD THE LAST TRUMP AFTER ALL!
THE END

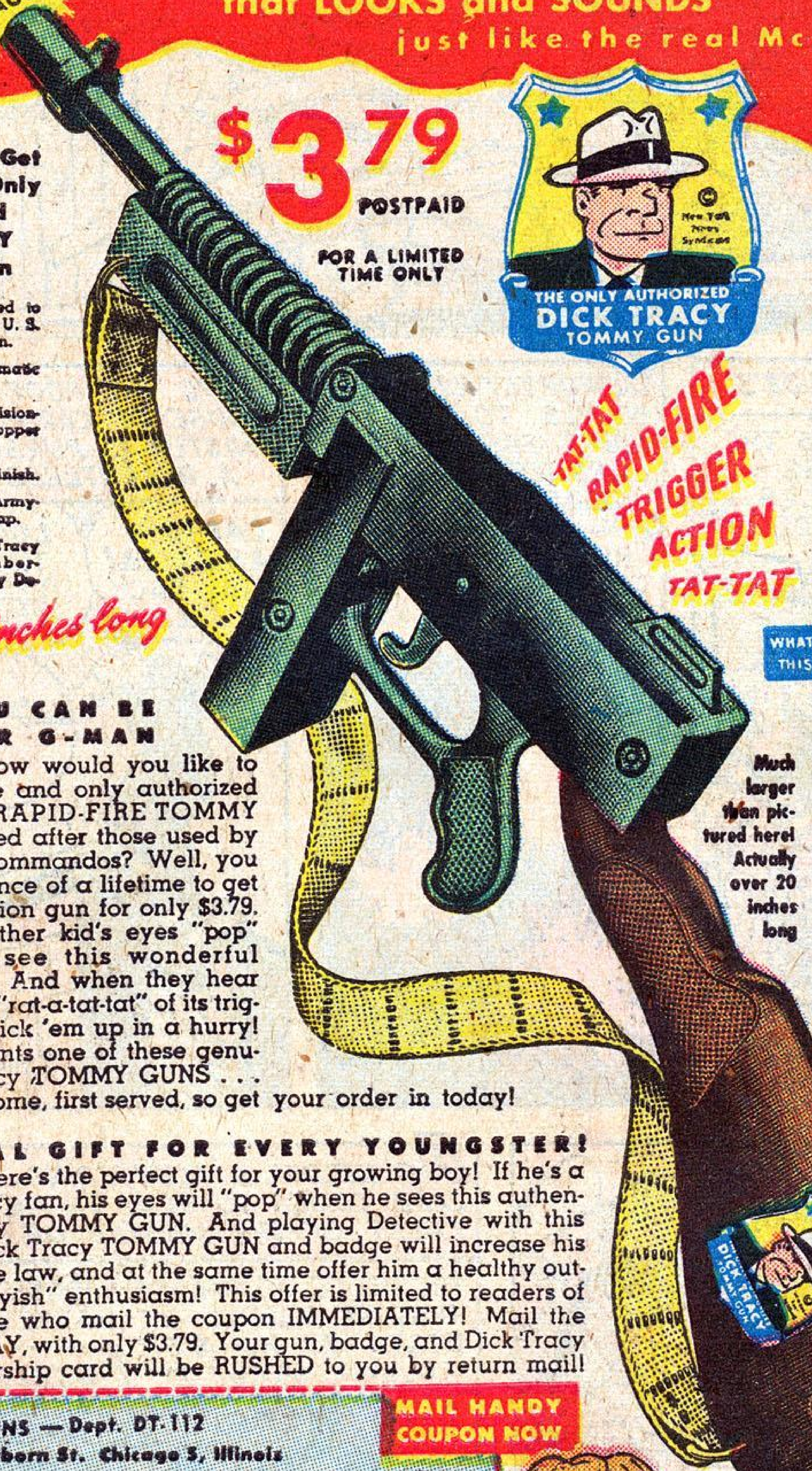
Here's News About a Sensational FREE* Offer to DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS just like the real McCoy!

$3.79 POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY


THE ONLY AUTHORIZED DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN
© New York News Syndicate
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN

TAT-TAT RAPID-FIRE TRIGGER ACTION TAT-TAT

Much larger than pictured here! Actually over 20 inches long

Be Sure You Get the One and Only Authorized DICK TRACY Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

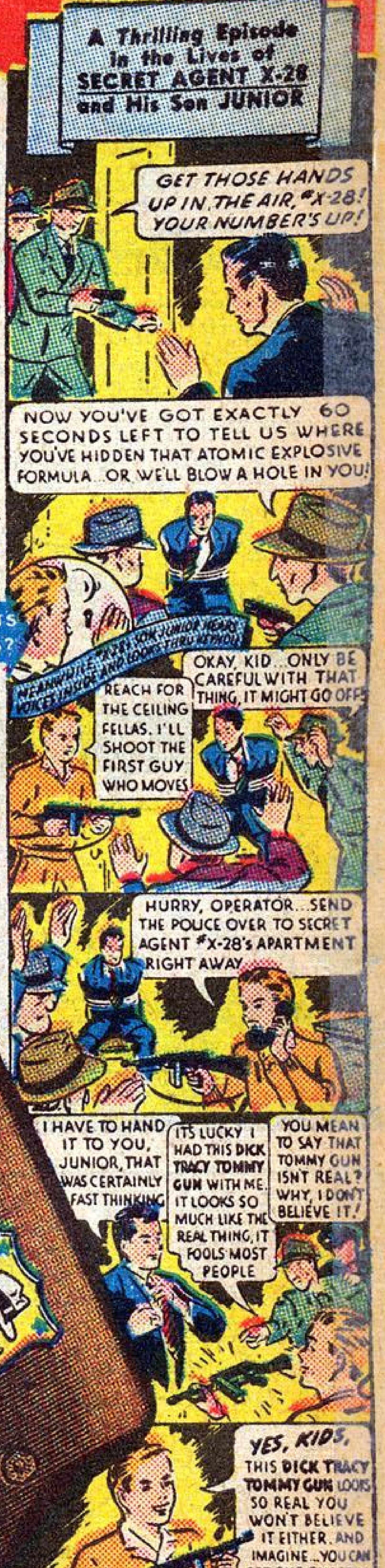
Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only $3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS . . . but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of his magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only $3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!


A Thrilling Episode in the Lives of SECRET AGENT X-28 and His Son JUNIOR
GET THOSE HANDS UP IN THE AIR, #X-28! YOUR NUMBER'S UP!
NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA...OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!
WHATS THIS?
REACH FOR THE CEILING FELLAS. I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST GUY WHO MOVES
OKAY, KID...ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!
HURRY, OPERATOR...SEND THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET AGENT #X-28's APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR, THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING
ITS LUCKY I HAD THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN WITH ME. IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING, IT FOOLS MOST PEOPLE
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT TOMMY GUN ISN'T REAL? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YES, KIDS, THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN LOOKS SO REAL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. AND IMAGINE...YOU CAN GET ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR ONLY $3.79 IF YOU Mail the Coupon Now!

MAIL HANDY COUPON NOW

PARKER JOHNS —Dept. DT-112
608 So. Dearborn St. Chicago 5, Illinois

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only $3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $3.79. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.79 plus postage.

Price in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s.

Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City______________ Zone____ State________

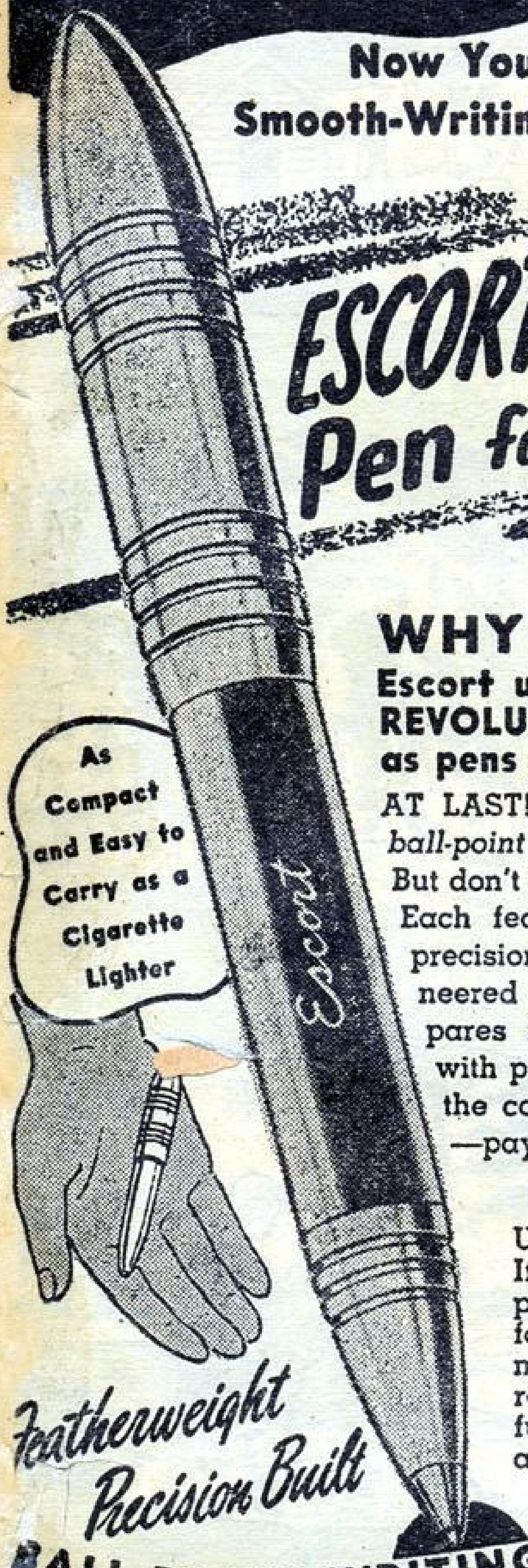
DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE CLUB

Free!

THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP

. . . even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep thi wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detectiv Badge FREE!

Never Before has $1.95 bought so much writing satisfaction!



Now You Can Enjoy the Smooth-Writing Convenience of an

ESCORT BALL POINT Pen for Only $1.95

POSTPAID
TAX FREE

As Compact and Easy to Carry as a Cigarette Lighter

WHY PAY MORE?

Escort uses the same REVOLUTIONARY principle as pens costing up to $15

AT LAST! You can own a top-quality *ball-point* pen at a rock-bottom price. But don't let Escort's low price fool you. Each feather-weight Escort Pen is a precision-built, scientifically engineered writing instrument that compares in beauty and serviceability with pens costing $10 and $15. Mail the coupon today! Send no money—pay postman $1.95 plus postage.

5-DAY TRIAL

Use your Escort Pen for 5 days. If you don't feel that it compares both in beauty and performance with pens costing many times its price, you may return it and we'll cheerfully refund every penny you paid . . . and that's a promise!

Featherweight Precision Built

BALL-POINT WRITING PERFECTION

Compare these features with $15 ball-point pens:

★ Writes From 3 Months to 3 Years Without Refilling
★ Ink Cartridge May Be Replaced in a Jiffy
★ Precision-ground Ball Rolls the Ink on Dry
★ Handy vest-pocket or purse size (only 4 in. long)
★ Feather-Light (actually weighs less than 1 ounce)
★ Writes Under Water or High in the Sky
★ Lustrous Aluminum Alloy for a Lifetime of Beauty
★ Comes in a Choice of 6 Rich Colors:

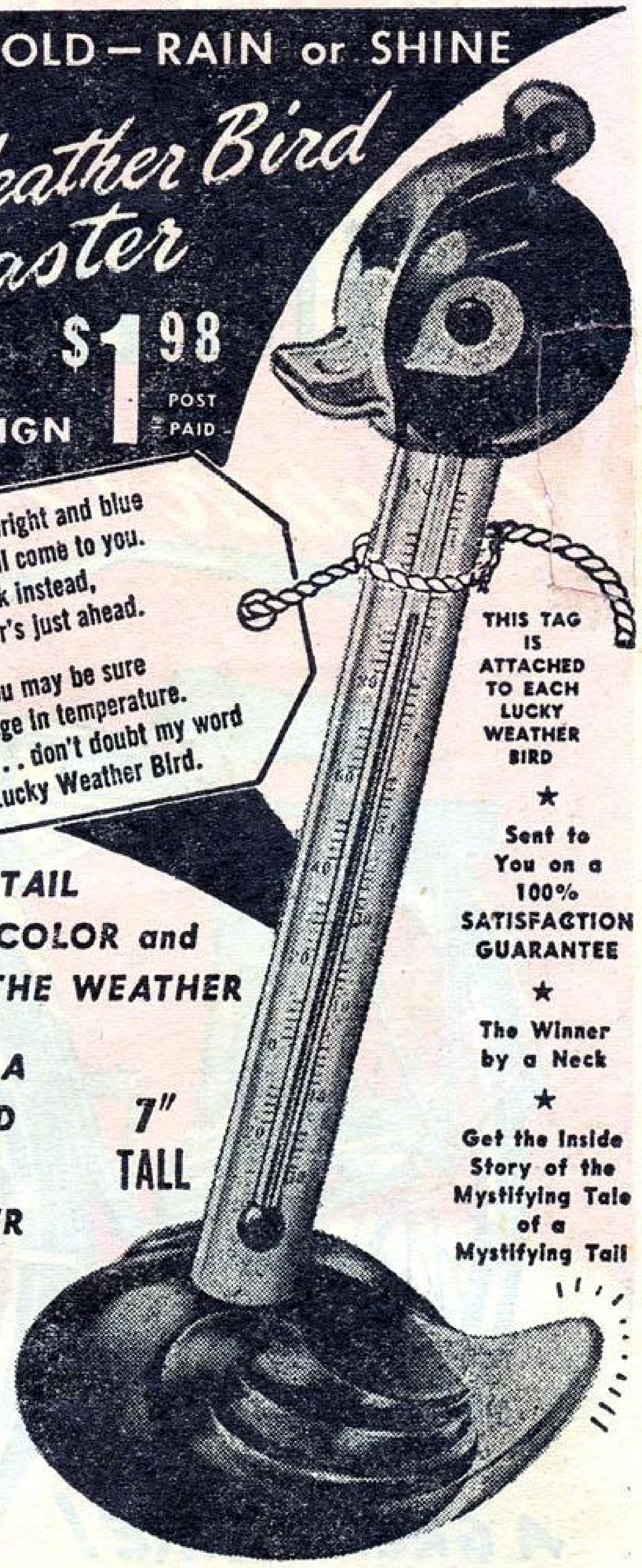
SILVER BLACK GREEN BLUE MAROON GOLD

Now! You, too, can say *"A Little Bird Told Me!"*

HOT or COLD—RAIN or SHINE

Lucky Weather Bird Forecaster

WILL GIVE YOU THE SIGN $1.98 POST PAID



When my tail is bright and blue
Sunny days will come to you.
If it turns to pink instead,
Rainy weather's just ahead.

By my neck you may be sure
Of the change in temperature.
Cold or hot . . . don't doubt my word
I'm your Lucky Weather Bird.

THIS TAG IS ATTACHED TO EACH LUCKY WEATHER BIRD

★

Sent to You on a 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

★

The Winner by a Neck

★

Get the Inside Story of the Mystifying Tale of a Mystifying Tail

HIS TAIL CHANGES COLOR and FORECASTS THE WEATHER

HIS NECK IS A TRIPLE-TESTED SCIENTIFIC THERMOMETER

7" TALL

THE MOST AMAZING WEATHER FORECASTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

Yes, it's amazing in its accuracy, and mystifying in its simplicity—but that's not all! Your LUCKY WEATHER BIRD is a precision-built scientific instrument that compares favorably with forecasters selling for $5 or more. And no other forecaster at any price can compare with it for fun, for beauty or for downright cuteness. Its colorful gaiety lends cheer and brightness to any room you place it in, Whatever the weather outside, it's always fair weather inside if you have a LUCKY WEATHER BIRD. The moment your friends see this weather forecasting sensation, they'll want one, too. So why not play it safe and order several. Use handy coupon, and ACT TODAY! Do it NOW!

SEND NO MONEY

BRIAR STRATFORD, Dept. Z-76 · 118 S. Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Ill.
Please rush me the following items listed below. If not satisfied I may return in 5 days for a complete refund.

CHECK ITEMS WANTED:

__ ESCORT Ball Point Pens..........@ $1.95 ea.
CHOICE OF COLORS—
Give First and Second Choice:
__ Silver __ Black __ Green
__ Blue __ Maroon __ Gold
__ Extra Ink Cartridges............@ .25 ea.
__ Red __ Green __ Blue
__ Lucky Weather Bird.............@ 1.98 ea.
Total Amt. of Order $__________
Price in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s.

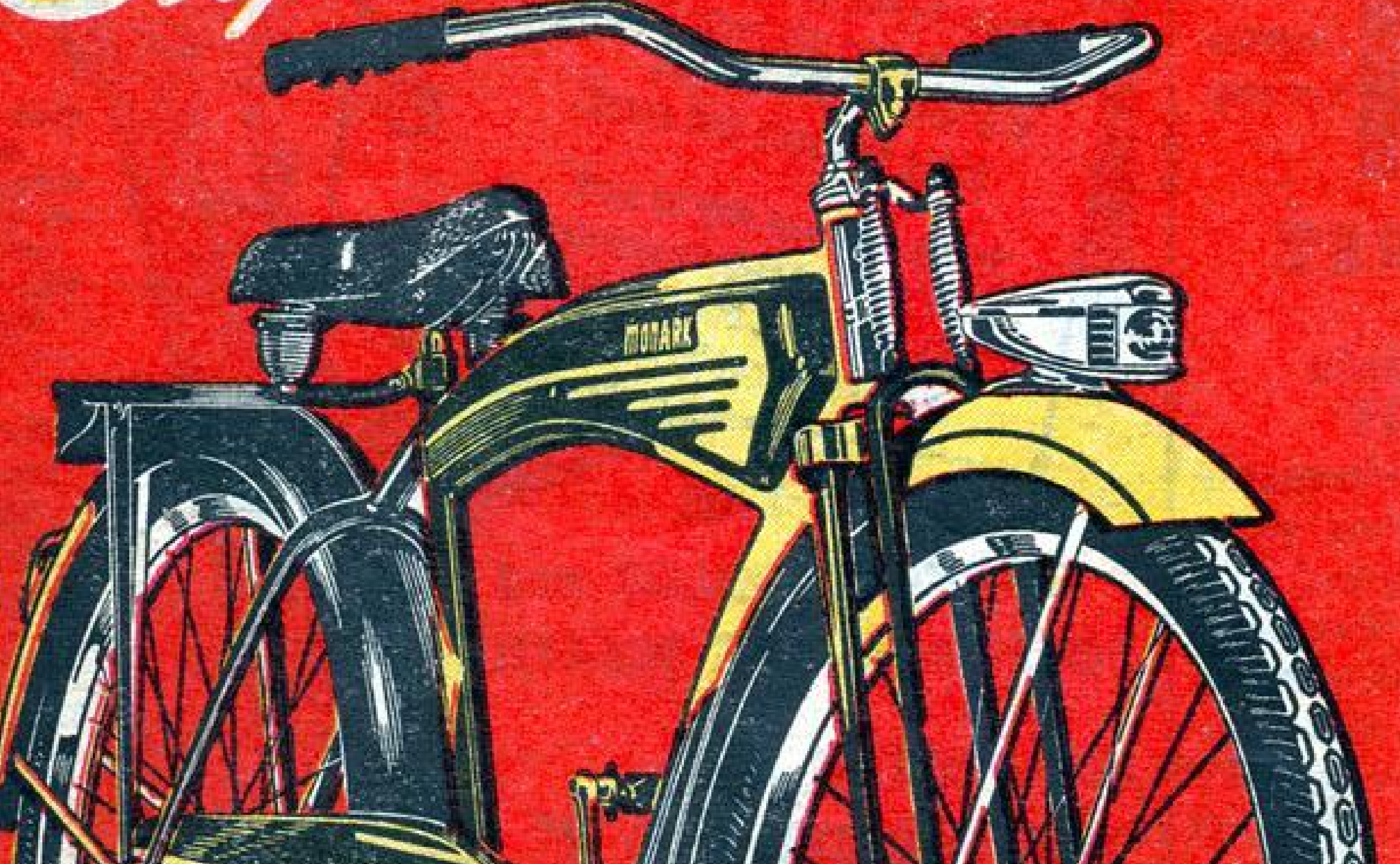
CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $__________. Send my order POSTPAID.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $__________ plus postage.

Name__________
Please print clearly
Address__________
City__________ Zone______ State______

MAIL COUPON NOW

HAVE FUN... EARN MONEY...
with the New
MONARK
Super Deluxe



... CAMPING

... EXPLORING

... FISHING

... RUNNING ERRANDS

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...WITH EXCLUSIVE NEW FEATURES GALORE!

Go places . . . do things . . . with Monark . . . the bike sensation of 1947! Positive shock absorbing double-spring cushion front fork . . . gleaming chrome finish air-style design headlight with "road-focus" beam . . . auto-type rear reflector with permanent shockproof mounting . . . airline style pedal crank and drive assembly . . . and dozens of other exciting new features.

ONE YEAR'S FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE INCLUDED IN PURCHASE PRICE

Tell "Mom" and "Dad" you need a Monark . . . how you can run errands and do many things to help pay for it. Mail coupon for beautiful illustrated folder showing the complete line. Insist on a Monark . . . the world's finest bike. For sale by leading stores everywhere.

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